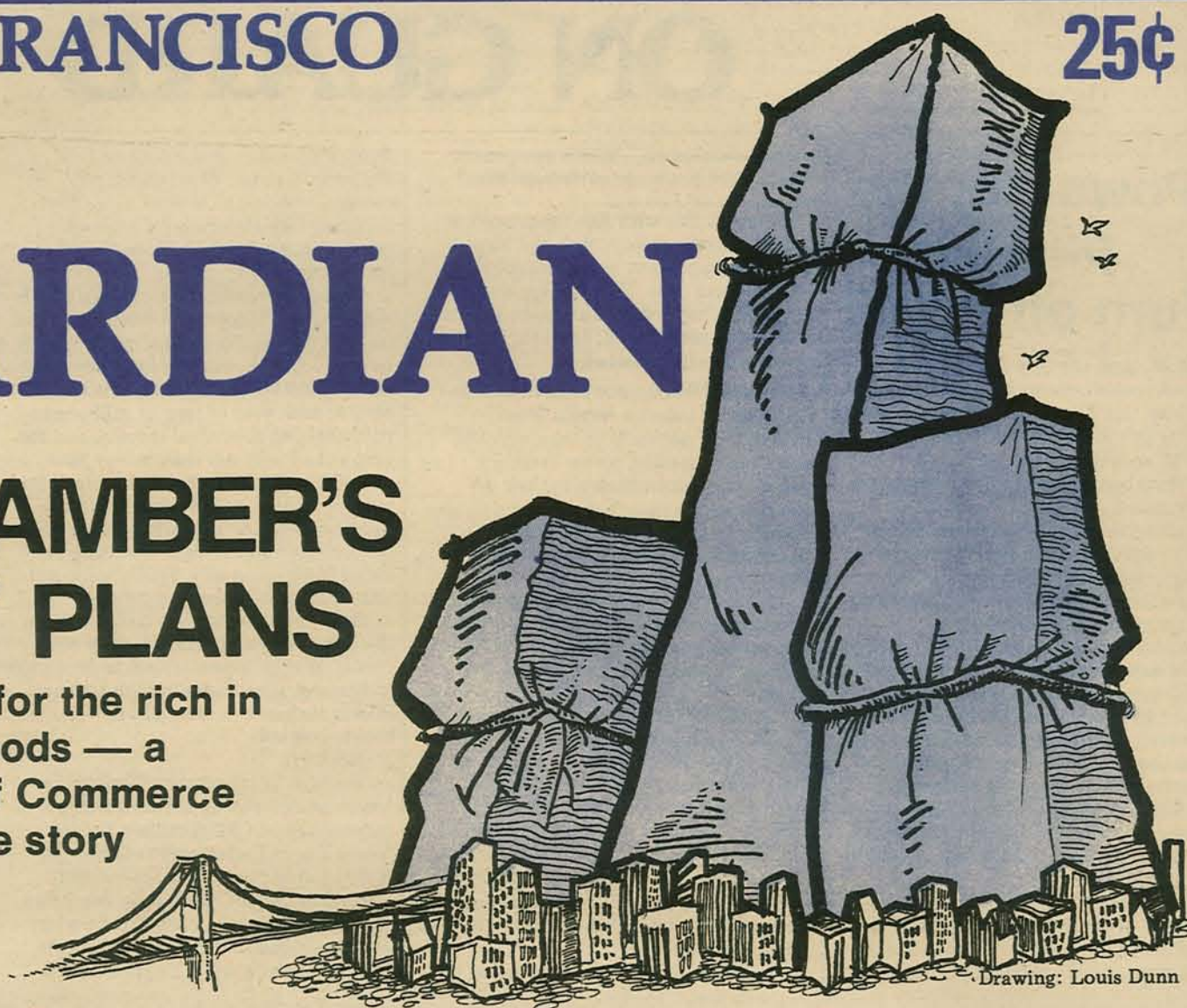


THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

25¢

THE CHAMBER'S SECRET PLANS

Highrise enclaves for the rich in
10 S.F. neighborhoods — a
former Chamber of Commerce
aide tells the inside story



Drawing: Louis Dunn

Revisiting the North
Beach of the 50s

PAGE 1

Thumbs up—
A hitchhike guide

PAGE 11

Where to get
the best sausages

PAGE 19

Grant and Green—Crossroads for the beat generation; now it's 'Boogie Man Corner'



The Coexistence Bagel shop—"Crazy Alex sat in the corner all day watching the street outside. . .It was an insane corner to sit in. . ."

Photo: Fortunato Luis Clementi

'In the last few months the intersection has seen two murders, a dozen holdups, at least 20 fights, many of them bloody, and I don't know how many attempted rapes and other human struggles.'

By Jerry Kamstra

I don't know how often I've crossed the intersection of Grant Avenue and Green Street. Five thousand times perhaps (not as many as Bob Kaufman, I know; for surely if anyone's the walking champ of that crossing it's he). But my footsteps have echoed on the corner, dodged dogshit on the sidewalks and stood still for passing traffic there enough times for me to know that if any one spot can define an area, an era and a time, the intersection of those two streets defines North Beach. At least the North Beach that I am interested in, which is the North Beach that burst upon the imagination of America in the late 1950s, when Jack Kerouac's novel, "On The Road," was published.

Jack Kerouac didn't invent North Beach. In fact, he hardly spent any time there, the skid row section of Third Street was more to his liking. But he did run with a pack of friends, literary and otherwise, who frequented the bars, hotels and then cheap pads of the area. When he wrote "The Subterraneans," the best North Beach book yet published,

he did invent a myth that still echoes up and down the streets, lingers in the doorways and no longer cheap pads, and crosses, like Bob Kaufman, the intersection of Grant and Green 100 times every day.

To those readers unfamiliar with Bob Kaufman, I might add that he's a black poet, known in France as the American Rimbaud, who came to North Beach in the middle 1950s, who got caught up in the crazy, twisted asylum of methedrine. He now wanders every day up and down Grant Avenue, living on an Aid to the Totally Dependent grant, the only kind of grant many American poets ever get, no longer writing poems, still a poet though, beating the rhythms out under his feet, a cadence that amplifies lines like these:

*My body is a torn mattress,
Disheveled throbbing place
For the comings and goings
Of loveless transients.
The whole of me
Is an unfurnished room*

Continued on page 8

COMING UP:

A SERIALIZATION OF JERRY KAMSTRA'S
EXTRAORDINARY FIRST NOVEL,

'The Frisco Kid'

A STORY OF NORTH BEACH.

ON GUARD

Power for the people— Turn off PG&E

How come the City of San Francisco owns money-losers like the Municipal Railway, but it can't get around to acquiring profitable utilities like PG&E?

The answer: we are permitted to own the Muni because long ago it became unprofitable for private owners; we are not permitted to own our own electric system to sell our own Hetch Hetchy power to our own citizens because it is profitable for PG&E to sell us its expensive private power. It's that simple.

We bought the Muni in 1944, because the Market Street Railway Co. had been losing money for years and was glad to unload the system on San Francisco. However, before the automobile and the trans-bay bridges had destroyed private mass transit as a lucrative business, Market Street Railway had spent loads of money for decades to defeat nine bond issues to put the system under municipal ownership.

According to E.G. Cahill, then city manager of utilities, we bought out the Market Street Railway "to keep the junk rolling as long as possible, or until it

could be scrapped." MSR's equipment was "in the last stage of decrepitude," he said.

Contrast this with San Francisco's attempts to get public power, the biggest and most consistent moneymaker any city can ever have. Unremitting hostility from the press and city officials, working collusively with PG&E, defeated one bond issue after another.

In the 1940s, not even threats by Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes to send federal marshalls to take over the city's Hetch Hetchy power facilities could budge city officials in their determination to thwart the law and to save PG&E's illegal power monopoly for PG&E at the expense of everybody else in San Francisco.

In 1945, Ickes offered to suspend action against the city if Mayor Roger Lapham would place an acquisition bond issue on the ballot and campaign actively for it.

Lapham refused, and city officials continued agitating to amend the Raker Act and permit the city to keep on selling power illegally to PG&E. (In that same year, the Sacramento Municipal Utility District took possession of PG&E facilities in the Sacramento area. It paid for the system in 9 years, out of power revenues, and showed a substantial profit each year. Isn't that the best feasibility study at large?)

All this testifies to the corrupting in-

fluence of utility monopoly on San Francisco's public officials. Clearly: If monopoly wants to unload at taxpayer expense, City Hall buys; if monopoly wants to keep for its own profit, City Hall backs off.

There is no excuse for this pattern to continue any longer. San Francisco must buy out PG&E. We can no longer afford to have a private utility monopoly using our city streets for a pittance, while robbing us each year of tens of millions in badly needed municipal revenue and forcing us to dump our own power from our \$300 million Hetch Hetchy facilities in unprofitable out-of-town wholesale markets. We need public power profits for, among other things, offsetting our losses from inherently unprofitable but vital municipal enterprises like the Muni.

But the excuse at City Hall is always the same: We can't afford to buy out PG&E. We can't even afford to do a study to find out if we can afford to buy out PG&E, they tell us. The city is broke, you see.

Baloney!

On Mar. 27, the Supervisors of this impoverished city approved a bonded indebtedness of \$225 million for the Yerba Buena Project and voted to pay Yerba Buena consultant Schlesinger-Arcon-Pacific \$517,000 for a feasibility study it had already completed under private auspices. The voters, of course, will not even be asked to approve the

measure.

By coincidence, \$225 million is about what it would cost to buy out PG&E, according to most reasoned estimates, and a feasibility study and valuation for PG&E acquisition would cost less than half as much as the Yerba Buena feasibility study.

Why can the city afford Yerba Buena but not public power? That's easy. Yerba Buena will mainly enhance the property values of strategic downtown property owners (Ex/Chron/Emporium, et al.) and bring in tourists to fill hotels that already are overbuilt. (The massive convention complex in Los Angeles is doing poorly and is badly in debt, as are most others throughout the country.)

And public power?

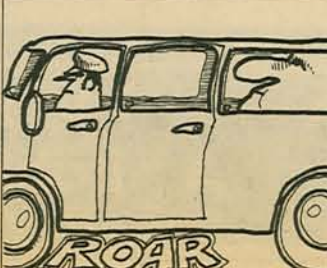
Well, that would merely benefit ordinary taxpayers and ratepayers in San Francisco by saving them \$30-\$40 million a year and a billion dollars by the end of the century.

Public power is getting serious attention in the city halls of Berkeley, Foster City, even ritzy Atherton, but not in San Francisco—the only city in the U.S. that is required by federal law to have public power.

(P.S. There's help on the way. See Citizens for Public Power ad on page 21.)



TEERY RORA



Cartoon: Louis Dunn

LETTERS

HIGHRISE BILL

To the editor:

Your publication "The Ultimate Highrise" is a masterpiece. I only wish that I could get everyone in this department to read it and to take hold of what highrises are doing to our cities. You have hit a very important and timely issue and are to be congratulated for bringing this more out into the open.

I have shared my copy with our Special Assistant for Urban Design, Ralph Warburton, who likewise found it a useful document.

The only constructive comment that I have at this time is that perhaps if enough people get on to this, some wise U.S. Congressman will be inspired to introduce a bill in regard to highrise residential buildings to extend the prohibition of the use of federal assistance to cover mortgage insurance. While this is obviously a private point of view, my concern is with the extent to which such legislation would affect our federal programs and land policies should such an enlightening step take place.

Carlos C. Campbell
Special Ass't. for Urban Planning Dept.
of Housing and Urban Development
Washington, D.C.

ONLY REVIEW

To the editor:

Some of your stuff is great and some is just awful. But your heart is always in the right place...so here is my subscription check.

Incidentally, your paper gave the only thoughtful review of my highrise study (for McCue Boone Tomsick for the SF Chamber of Commerce) of any of the local newspapers. Thank you.

Bobbie Sue Hood, SF

PUBLIC POWER

To the editor:

Joe Neilands is right. Young people are beginning to wise up to PG&E's corporate tricks. Campus activists have often run into Fortress PG&E while campaigning against highrises and discrimination in employment. We've watched PG&E squeeze consumers for every nickle that the company can get. PG&E turns us off!

Early in March, at SF State, more than 100 students began to organize for public power. The nucleus of a campus campaign has been established. Students at Hastings and City College have joined similar efforts. The big push for municipal ownership of the electric power system has already begun.

None of us expect to win the final victory by the end of the month or even by the end of the year. But the power monopolies can be beaten in San Francisco, just as they were beaten in Sacramento, when citizens pull together for a strong campaign. San Francisco will have a public power system—but only if its people are willing to fight for one at the ballot box.

The campaign for public power offers everyone the chance to save money while they help save the City. Citizens for Public Power needs your support. Help it grow and you'll benefit in the process.

Bob Murphy, SF

(Murphy is a member of the steering committee of Citizens for Public Power, an SF group that is sponsoring an initiative petition for the City of San Francisco to buy out PG&E's municipal distribution system.)—Ed.

NOT AROUSED

To the editor:

I am not going to read your "Meanwhile, back in Chinatown" edition (March 28) and here's why:

While en route to my lunch at the M&M Tavern today, Fifth and Howard

Streets, I noted the new edition in the locked, coin-in-the-slot newsrack heavily chained to a street sign outside the office.

The quarter I inserted to obtain a copy of same was retained by the newsrack, without the newsrack's coming across with a copy of the paper. No amount of kicking and shaking would encourage the rack to produce either a copy or my quarter (or any other quarter).

There is no way I would waste another quarter in the same slot, which reflects on the reason for my wasting five minutes to write this, since the LAST time I attempted to buy a copy of your publication from the same rack, it refused to cough up a copy for the first quarter, insisting instead that I insert a second.

Since this was your celebrated issue featuring King Kong thrusting a female sportswriter out of the Candlestick press box, I spent the second quarter, but since Chiang Kai-Shek does not arouse me in the same fashion as does King Kong, I refuse to spend the second two bits to get a copy of what I should get for one.

Bill Boldenweck
San Francisco Examiner

(The last two Guardians were delivered to Boldenweck at his Examiner news desk within an hour of the receipt of this letter).—Ed.

PUBLIC APATHY

To the editor:

In my view, the Bay Guardian deserves the title of newspaper more than any other publication I have seen in the last few years.

Keep up the good work; perhaps the era of public apathy and political irresponsibility is beginning to pass. One can only hope.

John J. Flynn, Salt Lake City
Prof. of Law, Univ. of Utah

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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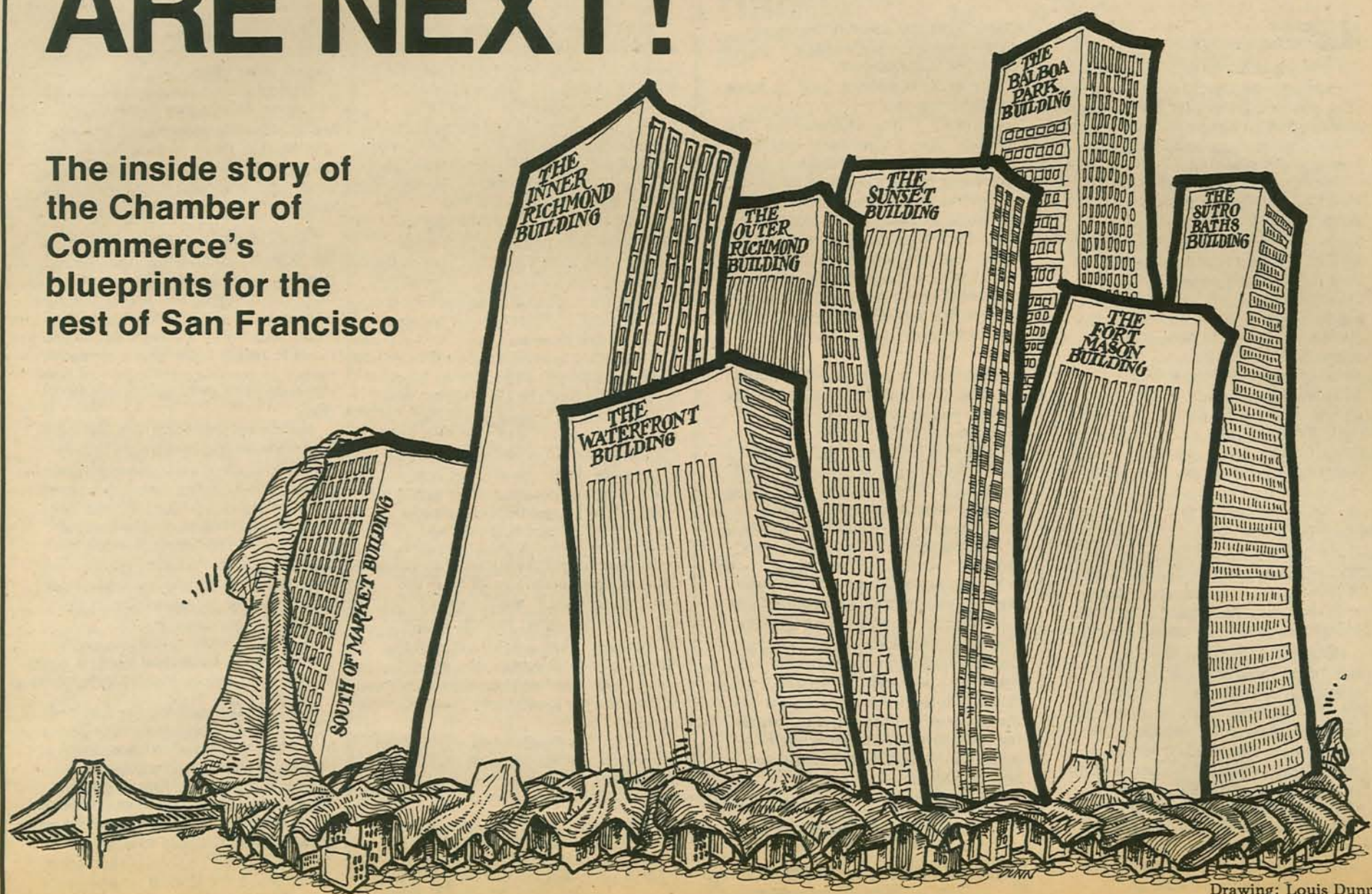
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THE NEIGHBORHOODS ARE NEXT!

The inside story of the Chamber of Commerce's blueprints for the rest of San Francisco



Drawing: Louis Dunn

By Greggar Sletteland

(In 1969-70, Greggar Sletteland was executive assistant to James E. Stretch, vice-president of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., former chairman of the Chamber's housing committee and currently president of the Chamber. Sletteland is now Guardian city editor and co-author of "The Ultimate Highrise," the Guardian's in-depth study of the impact of highrise/high-density growth on San Francisco.)

"Don Knorr, an architect for those monumental (and horrifying) twin apartment house towers that a Kansas City promoter wants to build on Russian Hill: 'That neighborhood is destined for highrise development—it can't go on as the suburbia with backyards and trees it now is.'"

—Herb Caen
in the Chronicle, 9/24/71

Today Russian Hill, tomorrow the whole city.

While San Francisco residents battled the epidemic of giant cloudscrapers sweeping the city's inner core in the late 1960s and early 1970s, a high-powered Chamber of Commerce committee drew up secret blueprints that would spread the ills and blights of highrise/high-density development to the furthest borders of the city.

The Chamber plans to put massive, well-guarded, segregated highrise enclaves for the rich in 10 SF neighborhoods "immediately" and, in the long run, tear down and rebuild entire sections of the city in the image of Parkmerced's closely-packed ten 13-story towers.

The plans are not just developers' grandiose pipe dreams—nor are they "destiny" at work. Since early 1970, the Chamber has waged a fierce behind-the-scenes campaign to force them on SF residents and taxpayers, and already the bulldozers are grumbling at the ready at Playland-at-the-Beach and the Masonic/Geary Muni car barns. Next come the Balboa and Sunset reservoirs. Then: along John Muir Drive and Fort Mason.

By 1980 or thereabouts, the

Chamber's plans, if successful, could make trees and backyards as obsolete in the Richmond District, the Sunset and most other SF neighborhoods as they are now on Russian Hill.

The Chamber's blockbuster plans were first set forth in a secret "middle-income" housing report submitted to the Chamber's directors in January, 1970. A select 23-man housing committee picked by Samuel Stewart, a Bank of America vice-president and 1969 president of the Chamber, produced the report.

The committee was composed entirely of downtown realtors, architects, bankers and developers—the men who would profit most from highrising SF's

neighborhoods. (See "Committee members" box, p. 5)

I learned about the report because the chairman of this committee was James E. Stretch, my boss and vice-president in charge of West Coast operations at Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. For more than six months in 1970, Stretch had me working overtime studying the plan, preparing slide shows and ghosting speeches about it. The purpose: to help Stretch and the Chamber in their campaign to sell it to "the financial and political muscle of this city," as Stretch put it to me.

Stretch's ability to get this project moving brought him rapid prominence

within the Chamber/Real Estate Board/Downtown Association power bloc. After running the housing committee for a year, he was promoted to vice-president in charge of city planning in 1971, then to Chamber president in 1972. It's an accurate measure of the housing plan's importance to the Chamber.

As a native of Atlanta, Georgia, and a lifelong resident of the South and Midwest, Stretch knew virtually nothing about SF when Metropolitan's New York headquarters sent him here in 1968—barely a year before the Chamber appointed him chairman of the cru-

Continued next page



The Chamber's secret housing plan would put massive highrise apartment complexes like this one at Parkmerced. . .



. . . on this property by John Muir Drive, one of the last large pieces of undeveloped, privately-owned land in SF.

Photos: Dennis Barloga

'If you can house buffalo in Golden Gate Park, why can't you house people there?'

Continued from previous page
 cial housing committee. Stretch, then 49, had been an insurance salesman and sales manager during his 29-year career at Metropolitan and had no experience whatsoever with urban housing problems and city planning.

But his position as Metropolitan's West Coast VP automatically made Stretch an important figure in business circles. Metropolitan has \$2.5 billion invested in California ("more than the taxable assessed valuation of the entire city of SF," as I wrote in several speeches for Met executives). It ranks third on the list of top SF property owners. It holds many lucrative group insurance contracts with downtown businesses and construction unions. Its single largest property holding in SF at the time was the huge Parkmerced development, which became the model for the Chamber's enclaves plan.

In 1969, the Chamber's directors decided the way to stop SF's slide toward urban chaos was to build large amounts of new housing for the masses of white middle-income families fleeing the city for the suburbs. The directors instructed Stretch and his housing committee to develop a plan—fast—for doing this.

Note: Most Chamber directors represent large firms with development interests in SF, but live in the suburbs. For example, after living two years in a highrise apartment Metropolitan furnished him at Parkmerced, James Stretch bought a palatial home in Hillsborough. He lives there now. (See "Chamber Directors" box, this page.)

In just six months the committee came up with a plan that dealt with the complexities of urban life much as the Pentagon has handled Vietnam. Its report called for the "immediate" construction of 3,000- to 4,000-unit Strategic Highrise Hamlets for the rich in 10 SF neighborhoods. (See map, p. 5)

These enclaves should be large enough, the committee said, "to control their own environment and schools." (See "Excerpts," p. 5) In plain language, this meant they should use guards and discriminatory tenant selection to keep blacks and other minorities out.

(Construction of overtly segregated housing is illegal, of course, but there are simple ways around this—de facto economic discrimination, for example, or long, selective waiting lists such as Metropolitan used for years at Parkmerced. A test case on Parkmerced discrimination is now in the courts.)

(Stretch is a Southern authoritarian who often refers to "the nigger situation" in SF—I heard him use that phrase dozens of times—and he twice ordered me to strike the word "integrated" from speeches I wrote for him about the Chamber plan. I strongly protested the cuts, but he insisted.)

The committee echoed another infamous Pentagon policy in its second major, "long-run" recommendation. Chamber lobbyists and big business supporters, it said, should begin greasing the way for law and zoning changes to permit the leveling of much larger, "older" sections of the city. The first two sections to be hit would be the Richmond and the South of Market.

To save San Francisco, in other words, the Chamber would first have to destroy it. (See "Excerpts," p. 5)

Some of the sidelights of the committee's plan were equally disturbing. For one thing, SF had few parcels of privately-owned, developable land large enough for what the Chamber had in mind. The housing committee scoured the city for such sites, but could come up with only four: the Jewish Orphan Home property on Ocean Ave., John Muir Drive property near Lake Merced (see photo, p. 3), Playland-at-the-Beach and the spectacular Sutro Baths property near the Cliff House.

The committee did find many more sites almost ideal for its purposes. They were large, undeveloped, wide

open. But there was one drawback: they belonged to the residents and taxpayers of San Francisco.

While the committee paid lip service to preserving publicly-owned open space in SF, it recommended the "immediate" use of three such sites (Fort Mason, the covered Balboa and Sunset reservoirs) for its apartment enclaves.

Several times I heard Stretch proposing, quite seriously, that even large sections of Golden Gate Park be used for a Parkmerced-like development.

"If you can house buffalos in Golden Gate Park," ran Stretch's favorite quip on the subject, "I don't see why you can't house people there."

Wherever the Chamber's enclaves are built, it's doubtful genuine middle-income people, to say nothing of buffalos, could afford to live there. The average rent for a 2-bedroom apartment, the committee projects, would be about \$450 per month. This means a family with one or two children would need an annual income of about \$21,600 to live in a Chamber "middle-income" apartment. (See "Rents," p. 5)

The committee does suggest ways the Chamber could reduce these rents somewhat. It proposes, first, that the City of San Francisco give the Chamber development rights on city-owned property for a nominal fee; second, it asks the city to forgive property taxes on the enclaves. In other words, it wants the taxpayers and residents of SF to subsidize the highrising of their own neighborhoods.

Even with these subsidies, plus favorable treatment for the Chamber from banks putting up development capital, a family would still need an annual income of about \$15,000 to afford a Chamber apartment—and genuine SF middle-income families with incomes of \$10,000 or so, desperately starved for housing in the city, would be paying part of the bill.

After the Chamber's directors approved the committee's report without change, they didn't take the plan to the taxpayers or even announce it publicly. Instead, they called 20 leading bankers to a Mar. 18, 1970, luncheon meeting at the posh Bohemian Club.

As waiters scurried about with Havana cigars on trays and starchy moguls inveighed against the Muni strike, labor, minorities and all other phenomena to the left of Harold Dobbs, Stretch and I fiddled over last-minute refinements in the slide show/speech I had helped prepare for the occasion. This would be "one of the biggest little talks we're going to give," Stretch had told me.

Lunch was filet mignon cooked to specification. Then, Chamber President Sam Stewart introduced Stretch, the lights dimmed and I flicked slides onto the screen as Stretch gave his pitch to the bankers. First, a description of the dire problems facing the city, then details of the Chamber plan, then a flat-out request for special help from the bankers:

"... it is the financial strength of the city which, as a group, must undertake this project, for it is the financial cor-

poration, big business, which has the most to lose if San Francisco goes the way of other cities."

Stewart passed out pledge cards with the casual air of a Boy Scout troop leader soliciting volunteers for a cake sale. Stretch asked each banker to put down his name if his bank would kick in \$5 million at less than going interest rates.

Several days later, Stretch called me to his office and triumphantly announced "we" had gotten almost \$100 million in pledges. This was at the time interest rates were extremely high and banks were citing the unavailability of funds to justify their refusal to loan money to genuine middle-income families trying to buy homes in San Francisco.

My reward was a trip to a Metropolitan management conference in New York. But before I left, Stretch wanted me to write a similar speech for a small group of high City Hall officials. This time, he said, I should leave out the parts stressing the dangers to big financial interests and put in more about how the city must provide substantial support to the private sector to get middle-income housing built.

Stretch gave the speech on May 5, 1970, while I was in New York. A short while later, I quit my job at Metropolitan.

In recent months, the first concrete signs of the Chamber plan have begun to surface, piecemeal, with no word about their wider implications:

- Gerson Bakar, a downtown realtor and member of the Chamber's housing committee, in late 1971 announced plans to build \$35,000 to \$50,000 "middle-income" condominium apartments near Lake Merced on one of the city's few remaining pieces of open land. The Planning Commission, long a Chamber stronghold, quickly gave its approval.

- In early 1972, developer Jeremy Ets-Hokin jolted residents of the Outer Richmond with his plans for a "middle-income" housing enclave at Playland-at-the-Beach, one of the 10 neighborhood sites proposed by the Chamber.

- Just last month the Planning Commission, acting over strong objections from another group of local residents, approved rezoning to 240 feet for the property now occupied by the Geary/Masonic Muni bus barn—another of the Chamber's 10 sites.

- Edward Lawson, the Chamber's city planning manager, admitted to me in a recent telephone interview that the Chamber is ready to move at Balboa reservoir. It's also dusting off Skidmore, Owings and Merrill's 1970 blueprints for a Chamber Strategic Highrise Hamlet over the Sunset reservoir.

Aside: The Urban Design Plan appears to bar highrise developments from many of the Chamber's proposed sites, but Chamber power at the Planning Commission and Supervisor level can easily force whatever changes it wants in the U.D.P. when the chips are down, as the Chamber-promoted Holiday Inn at Pine and Van Ness and the twin Russian Hill apartment towers demonstrate vividly. (See "Urban Disaster Plan," p. 10)

Note the planning process that has brought the Chamber's enclave plan from inception to the edge of implementation in just three years: first the Chamber concocts its blockbuster plan. Then to the bankers. Then to their politicians in City Hall.

The people who live in San Francisco, the people who will subsidize the plan with tax dollars and then watch helplessly as their trees, backyards, homes, neighborhoods and finally the whole of San Francisco go the way of the downtown and Russian Hill—these people haven't once been consulted about the plan and, until they read this story, won't know about it.

They'll know only when it's a fait accompli.

The Boss . . . The Ghost



Ghostwriter Sletteland on his boss: "Stretch is a Southern authoritarian. . . he ordered me to strike the word 'integrated' from speeches I wrote for him."



The Chamber directors: All white, all male, mostly from the suburbs

In the spring of 1969, then Supv. William Blake made the mistake of telling fellow supervisors and the press that the "SF Chamber of Commerce is running this Board and City Hall." In the election that fall, after a vicious Chamber attack on him in the June 1969 edition of SF Business, the Chamber house organ, Blake had difficulty raising campaign funds and was beaten.

Today the Chamber's armlock on City Hall is firmer than ever. It defeated Alvin Dushin's anti-highrise petition (with the help of a \$200,000 war chest and the backing of 8 of 11 supervisors, the mayor, the CAO and Judge Kennedy), controls large blocs of campaign contributions, gets pretty much what it wants from the development commissions (port, planning, redevelopment, board of permit appeals), gets good play from the press (Ex/Chron) and from TV/radio news stations (all members of the Chamber and all represented on a special Chamber "communications" committee that produces Chamber image-enhancing public service announcements for local broadcast).

Here are the key facts about the 1971 Chamber directors:

- 1) The 32-man board includes the names of officers and directors of some of the richest and most powerful corporations in the world. A partial list: Westinghouse, United Airlines, Standard Oil, Bechtel, Wells Fargo, Metropolitan Life, Aetna Life, Hewlett-Packard, Safeway Stores, Utah Mining and Construction, Transamerica, Foremost-McKesson, PT&T, American Express, PG&E, Del Monte, Southern Pacific, Bank of America.
- 2) Thirteen of the 32 directors take their orders from firms headquartered in other cities: four from New York, five from Los Angeles.
- 3) Almost two-thirds of the directors don't even live in SF. Eighteen of the 32 directors prefer to leave urban problems in the city and live in the suburbs: Hillsborough (3), Kentfield (3), Piedmont (2), Lafayette, Belvedere, Concord, Portola Valley, Mill Valley, Alamo, Atherton, unincorporated Marin, Oakland—and one in Beverly Hills.
- 4) In a city whose minorities number more than 40%, among them many successful businessmen, the Chamber's board is lily-white. Nor does it include any women.

(For more on the Chamber, see "The Politics of Highrise" in the Guardian book, "The Ultimate Highrise.")



Excerpts from secret Chamber documents

Objective

...The PURPOSE of this committee is to stimulate the development of middle-income housing in San Francisco.

...Projections of current housing and population trends indicate that, unless the growth of middle-income housing is fostered, San Francisco will face grave economic and social problems within the next ten years. The implications for the business community are clearly enormous.

Sites

...The best way to provide significant amounts of new middle-income housing in San Francisco is to build large-scale developments of three to four thousand units. This scale of development will, we believe, create its own environment and thereby tend to overcome the associated problems of schools and safety. The Parkmerced apartment complex is an excellent example of the kind of development we recommend.

...We have investigated those parcels of land under single ownership that might be immediately available. Such sites are few in number and generally limited to ten acres or less in size. It is apparent that these sites alone will not provide the answer to new housing in the City. They do not permit developments of the scale we recommend, although they represent the best prospects for immediate action.

...We believe that the use of air rights to provide housing should be encouraged. The multiple use of land would tend to lower land costs. The use of air rights over new schools and other public uses seems particularly promising. The Municipal Railway facility at Geary and Masonic Avenue is a prime example of a potential housing site over a public facility.

...We believe that the long-range answer to the City's housing problems

Rents

Could you afford to live in a Chamber "middle-income" apartment?

Type	Sq. Ft.	Av. Rent	Family Income Required (1)
Eff	550	\$270	\$13,000
1 BR	750	\$360	\$17,300
2 BR	950	\$450	\$21,600
3 BR	1,150	\$540	\$25,900

(1) Assuming 25% of family income spent on rent.

--From the finance committee report

lies in rebuilding existing residential areas. By selecting older, low-density neighborhoods where the topography is such that no views will be obstructed by highrise construction, it should be possible to substantially increase residential densities. ...These new high-density developments should be related to existing open space and to transit. The Richmond district is an excellent example of a potential area for this kind of development. The area's vast open space resources, together with its good access to downtown (and potential for excellent access via construction of a new subway), make it particularly attractive.

...We recommend that a two-phase program be commenced immediately. The short-range phase should seek to bring about construction of housing on sites that are immediately available. This should be accomplished by overcoming whatever obstacles have prevented their development to date.

...The long-range phase, which is aimed at rebuilding substantial sections of the City, should begin by bringing about necessary changes in the law to encourage housing construction. The assembly of sites is one of the greatest problems. The use of eminent domain seems necessary to overcome the problems caused by holdouts. Consideration should be given to new zoning regulations that would give an incentive to

those who will build housing. For example, conditional zoning might be applied to entire blocks of land whereby the density of the blocks might be increased substantially, provided that they are developed as a planned unit. This would provide an economic incentive to the developer as well as to the individual property owner, who would be encouraged to sell.

Construction

...Given the high cost of land in the City and the need to increase residential densities, highrise construction should be considered as the basic building type of new residential construction. Generally, a 12-14 story building of concrete is the most economical form of construction.

...The cost of a steel-frame building is fairly close to that of concrete. It would run approximately \$1 per square foot more. Steel would be mandatory, of course, for heights in excess of 12-14 stories. In view of San Francisco's high land costs, it might be preferable to incur the slightly higher cost of steel construction in order to permit greater height and density, thus reducing land costs.

...We recommend that a large-scale development be considered in order to permit creating a total environment, as well as realizing construction economies.

Conclusions and recommendations

...Young, middle-income families... are not considering individual homes or small housing developments in San Francisco as a suitable place to live. Therefore, this committee proposes construction of middle-income housing developments large enough to provide their own environment and possibly their own schools. Smaller units could be considered as pilot projects, ultimately to become part of the larger developments.

...This committee realizes that, at this time, our housing objective is not attractive purely as a profitable investment. The objective can be met only if private enterprise undertakes the task as a civic responsibility to conserve the middle-income labor market in San Francisco.

...A special select committee of key business leaders, to be assisted by a full-time salaried staff member, should be organized; its task will be to present data and conclusions to individuals, business institutions and groups of business firms in pursuit of the middle-income housing objective.

...With approval of the Board of Directors of the Chamber, this select committee will be formed.

[This is the gist of the secret report submitted by James Stretch, housing committee chairman, to the Chamber's directors. Note: in Chamber parlance, read "middle-income" as upper-middle to high-income bracket (see rent box).]

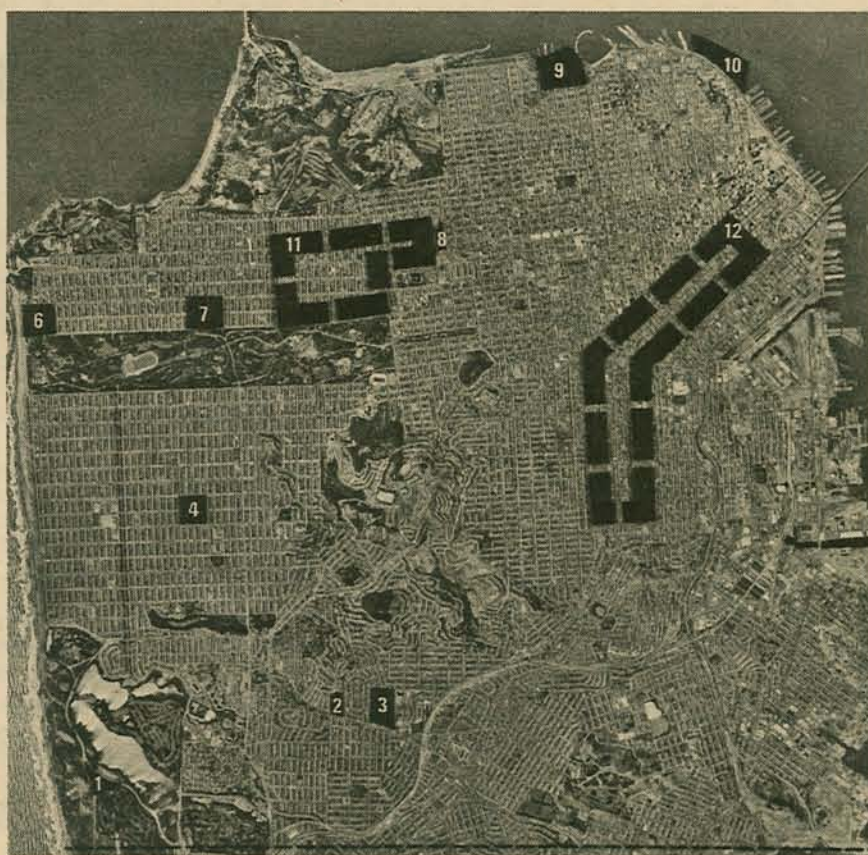
Committee members

Realtors: Jack Kendall, res. sales mgr., Coldwell Banker & Co.; Gerson Bakar, pres., Gerson Bakar & Assoc.; Allen Carpenter, Jr., exec. dir., Golden Gateway Center; Martin Phillips, mgr. bus. Div., Potlatch Forest, Inc.; Kendall Hobbs, Hunter, Adams & Hobbs; Ted Wiener, Hayman & Co.

Architects: John O. Merrill, Jr., gen. partner, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill; Piero Patri, partner, Whisler-Patri Assoc.; Frank Gulli, Gulli-Del Campo Archs.; Harry Overstreet, principal, Hans Gerson, AIA.

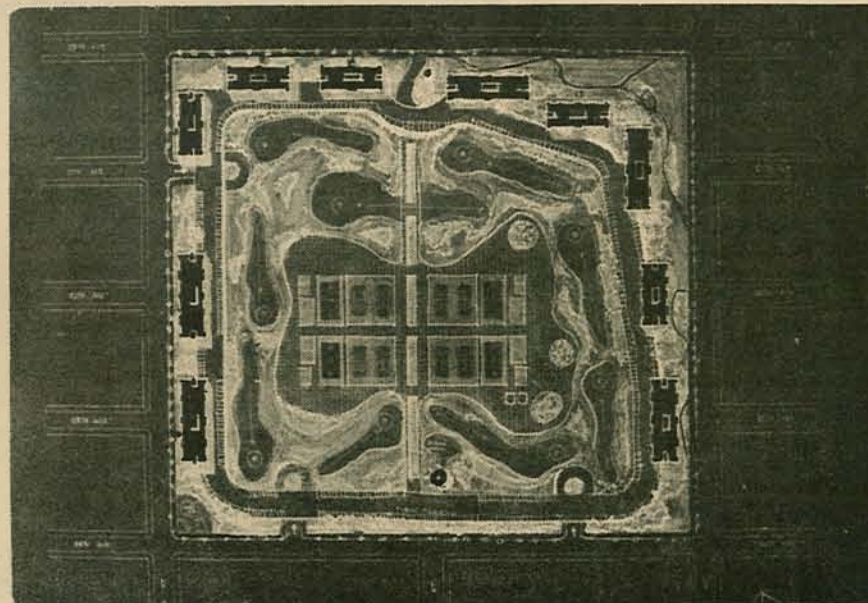
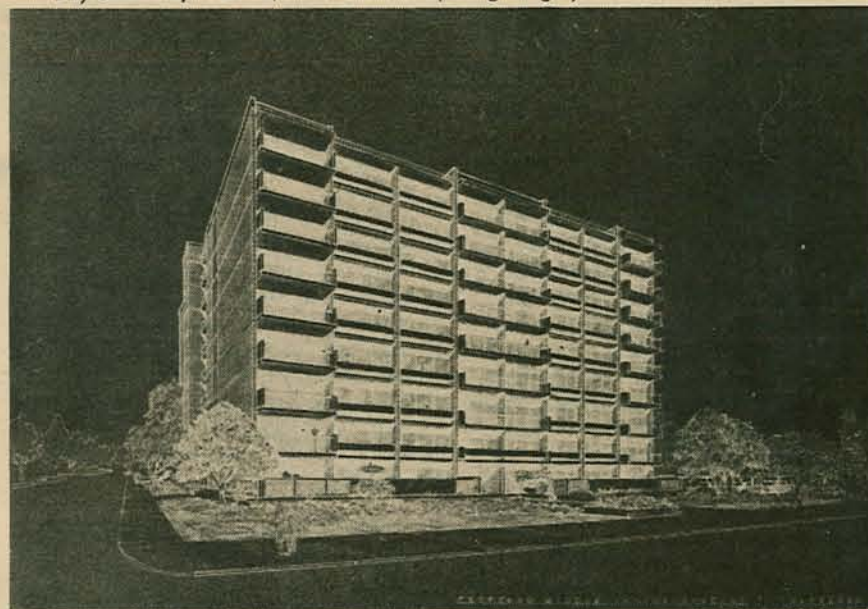
Developers: Curtis E. Smith, Jr., pres., Dinwiddie Const. Co.; F. Robert Burrows, Williams & Burrows; Benton R. Cancell, pres., Potlatch Forest, Inc.; James B. Hill, VP, Frank Hope & Assoc.

Financiers: James E. Stretch, VP, Met. Life (committee chairman); Fielding McDearmon, VP, real estate loan adm., Wells Fargo; Charles E. McCarthy, VP, real estate loan develop., B of A; John J. Goodwin, Jr., pres., City Savings & Loan; Joseph Cowan, sr. VP, Citizens Fed. Savings & Loan; John McFarland, exec. VP, First Savings & Loan; Robert Talley, Commonwealth Nat'l Bank; Thomas Trowbridge, Jr., ass't VP, The Rouse Co.



James E. Stretch, chairman of the Chamber's housing committee, called on bankers and city officials to support the Chamber's plan to build highrise enclaves on these sites:

- 1) Along John Muir Drive (10.65 acres). Planning department sources say Gerson Bakar, a committee member, may put a large-scale "swingers" development (for singles, young couples) here.
- 2) Jewish Orphan's Home (9.41 acres).
- 3) Balboa reservoir. Stretch recently called for private development on this city-owned site, ideal for a park.
- 4) Sunset reservoir. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's elaborate plans for the site include ten 12-story luxury apartment houses, a 9-hole golf course in the center. (Photos below show blueprints for the site and an architect's drawing of one of the towers.)
- 5) Old Sutro Baths (352,000 sq. feet). A spectacular beach-front site.
- 6) Playland-at-the-Beach (427,000 sq. feet). Developer Jeremy Ets-Hokin recently bought the site, unveiled plans for a 35-story "obelisk" tower for middle income families, then scaled the tower down to 11 stories after hot protests from local residents.
- 7) Outer Richmond (eight blocks at Fulton and 25th Ave.). Now residential. The Chamber seeks power of eminent domain to level this area for a park-side enclave.
- 8) Muni car barns (Masonic and Geary). Recently rezoned to 240 feet.
- 9) Fort Mason. Conservationists want it for Golden Gate Recreation Area. Now owned by US government, but up-for-grabs.
- 10) Surplus piers 37-45. A US-steel-like battle looms over these piers, now owned by the Port Commission.
- 11) Inner Richmond. The Chamber wants the whole area to be bulldozed, highrised. (Long-range.)
- 12) South of Market/Inner Mission. (Long-range.)



The Grand Jury — Still grossly discriminatory and unrepresentative

By William Ristow

"Where was the Grand Jury?"

That's the question the Examiner asked in an unusually scathing Nov. 10 editorial, "The City's Casual Way with the Dollar," after finding that the City of San Francisco was losing millions a year through bad investment policies—as revealed by the Guardian (6/7/71), as confirmed by City Budget Analyst Harvey M. Rose in November and as whooped up by the Finance Committee at several of their meetings.

In its year-end report on the Treasurer's office, the Grand Jury didn't probe these findings, assess responsibility, scold anybody, do much of anything. Instead, it printed the Examiner question, then listed four excuses why the Grand Jury couldn't handle the job that had already been done for it by an experienced economist/cpa team, a newspaper and a city budget analyst. To convey the full flavor of the Grand Jury at its height of exquisite self-immolation, let us quote their answers in full:

"(1) Members of the Grand Jury are not given a staff. We are not full-time investigators.

(2) Members of the Treasurer's committee (Jurors John S. Leipsic, Daniel J. O'Hara, Jr., Chairman Will Tsukamoto) are listed as executives not as auditors, bankers or management consultants.

(3) The Treasurer's committee was not given specific instructions on how to investigate and what to investigate.

(4) Sec. 926 of the Penal Code states that the Grand Jury may employ the services of an expert upon approval by the court. The likelihood of hiring an auditor in our case is fairly remote especially when no knowledge of the problem existed." [our emphasis]

The problem had been exposed months before, the City Treasurer resigned abruptly, the annual loss to an impoverished city exchequer was upwards of \$2 million, yet the Grand Jury had "no knowledge of the problem" and publicly announced it wasn't about to get any.

More: Rose's investigation showed that the city was losing another \$304,000 a year simply because it took the Tax Collector up to 35 days to transmit to the Treasurer monies collected from real estate payments.

Again, no Grand Jury questions of the Tax Collector, just a statement that this routing-by-canal-boat procedure "was in existence as far back as the present treasurer and the cashier in the Tax Collector's office can remember," which means the city is out unrecoverable millions over decades.

Again, no criticism of the Tax Collector, just an opening statement about the "able management" of the office by Tax Collector Thad Brown, just a concluding statement extolling Tom Mellon, the boss of both the Treasurer and the Tax Collector, as "an extremely capable and highly respected and experienced businessman. . . whose loyalty and devotion to his position finds him in his office early in the morning and late at night."

"San Francisco's Grand Juries no more represent a cross section of this city than do the board of directors of the Bank of America or the afternoon clientele of the steam room at the Olympic Club."

That was the lead of a Guardian article in December 1968 that demonstrated the grossly discriminatory and unrepresentative character of the Grand Jury for the preceding 10 years. Nobody questioned the points; in fact, Blair Paltridge's story won a first place prize in the Press Club's "Pulitzer of the West" contest and PG&E's Larry McDonnell gave him the prize at the annual awards banquet. Judges mumbled about reforms and widening the pool of nominees.

Our article showed that Grand Jurors each year came from a narrow section

of the business establishment—from associates and pals and cronies of Superior Court judges, the men who by law nominate the jurors and who by law can reform and widen the nomination procedure at any time.

The Guardian decided, three years later, to update its story, see if the Grand Jurors had become more representative, determine if their reports had become more substantial.

Things have gotten better since then, Presiding Judge Francis McCarty told us in December. "We go to leaders in the black community, to other community leaders looking for names. We've

McCarty himself chose Thomas Gray, a personal friend from McCarty's days as a supervisor when he and Gray were promoting Candlestick Park.

In all, Ms. Willis found 16 of 21 were friends of judges: 12 of these knew the judge who nominated them and four more knew other judges personally.

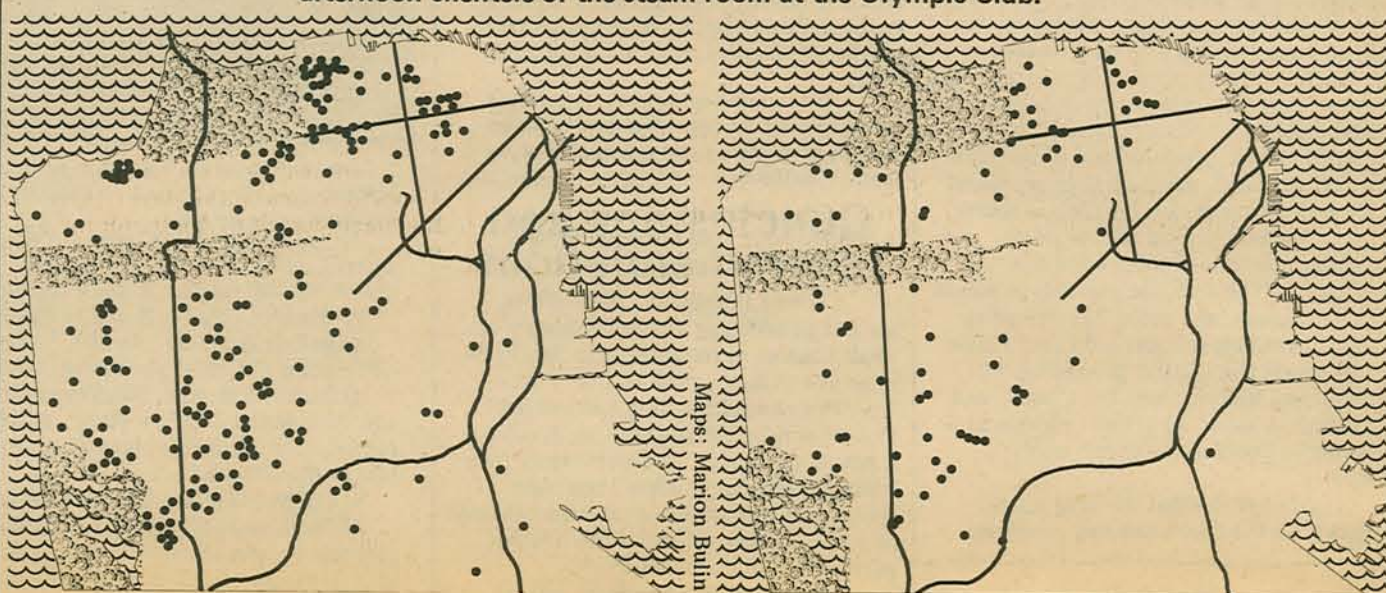
What's the result of the judge's recruitment campaign? A lot of talk, not much more. Look at the accompanying two maps showing the residences of Grand Jurors from 1958 to 1968 and from 1969 to 1971. The Grand Jurors still live mostly in the better areas—the

investigate and report on the needs of all county officers. . . including the abolition or creation of offices."

Michael Tammony, Grand Jury Commissioner, characterizes this function as acting as a "watchdog" over the public interest.

But, since 1959 and Henry North, with a notable exception like Edison Uno in 1970, the Grand Jury has been a toothless watchdog. Lots of good to middling stuff each year on the less controversial commissions, human rights, library, art, sometimes civil service, but never a critical word on the tough departments that badly need

"San Francisco's Grand Juries no more represent a cross section of this city than do the board of directors of the Bank of America or the afternoon clientele of the steam room at the Olympic Club."



1958-1968

1969-1971

How well have our Superior Court judges succeeded in their announced claim of making the SF Grand Jury more representative? Here's some evidence. In December, 1968, the Guardian published a map showing the residences of Grand Jurors for 1958-68 (reprinted above left). For a quick comparison, glance at the second map—which shows residences of Grand Jurors in the three years since, 1969-71. Our caption in 1968 read that "... only a handful came from lower class sections [Mission, Fillmore, Hunter's Point]. Only a handful came from the lower middle [Bernal Heights, Potrero Hill, Haight-Ashbury]. The balance came from the better sections, and mainly the gilt-edged

sections of Sea Cliff, Presidio Heights, St. Francis Woods, Pacific Heights, Nob and Russian Hills, Twin Peaks and the Marina."

Look at the results of three years of "progress" by the judges. This "progress" has conveniently bypassed just the areas which have always been unrepresented—the largely lower-income areas, particularly ethnic neighborhoods. The Haight, Fillmore, Hunter's Point-Bayview, Mission, Chinatown, none of these have benefited from the so-called reform of the jury selection process; if anything, a person in these areas seems to have less chance than before to be nominated.

especially been trying to get people from the so-called minority groups, also women."

How would qualified persons get on the Grand Jury if judges didn't know them or want to nominate them? Was there a way they could volunteer their services? McCarty spluttered a bit, then said, yes, a person who wanted to serve on the jury could present himself at the Grand Jury office in City Hall, say "Judge McCarty sent me" and get on the nominee list if properly qualified.

The Guardian published Judge McCarty's invitation and 10 or so persons we know of, all of them well-qualified, tried valiantly to volunteer their services. Some were turned off by a cold reception at the Grand Jury office, others had difficulty getting the clerk to take their names. Some were told finally that their names would be "put on file," only one that we know of, the wife of a psychiatrist, was eventually nominated by a judge for the first pool of 109 nominees. She didn't get past the first draw.

Sherri Willis, a Guardian reporter, polled a random sample of 21 of the 109 nominees who were not chosen in the draw for this year's jury. Their answers were enlightening.

The key question: were the nominees acquainted with the judge who nominated them? "You mean the old days, when we went to school together?" replied Harvey Wong, one of Judge Colvin's nominees. "We played basketball and baseball on the same team."

Meanwhile, Judge Calcagno selected Maurice Capps, a fellow member of the South End Rowing Club, while Judge

Marina, Twin Peaks, Presidio Heights, Russian Hill and Pacific Heights—and they still most assuredly don't come in droves from the lower-income areas of the Mission, the Haight, Hunter's Point, the Fillmore or the Excelsior.

No, not only hasn't the composition of the Grand Jury changed, but the complexion of its work hasn't changed much either. The jury has two jobs (reviewing criminal cases and indictments for the D.A. and investigating the operations of county departments), but in each case the jury still shows substantially more zeal in reinforcing the status quo, in anointing incumbent officeholders, than in trying to exercise independent judgment in the public interest.

The D.A. each year brings dozens of criminal cases before the jury (rarely ever a white-collar crime case) and the jury has always obediently returned the indictments. Out of more than 100 cases last year, a 1971 juror told us, only one indictment was refused and that by only one vote.

The investigation of city/county agencies, the Grand Jury's most public side, has traditionally been a farce. The last strong Grand Jury was in 1959, when Henry North's Grand Jury did his famous expose of Candlestick Park, and many City Hall officials vowed that never again would a Grand Jury so embarrass the city (among the embarrassed: then Supv. Francis McCarty, a big pusher for Candlestick Park).

The California Penal Code lays out a broad mandate: "The Grand Jury shall annually make a complete examination of the accounts and records. . . of the officers of the county" and "shall in-

criticism and reform: police, fire, the PUC, treasurer, tax collector, mayor, CAO, supervisors, planning, even the assessor's office under Russell Wolden, in the year he was indicted for bribery, wasn't criticized by the Grand Jury.

"The 'investigation' of the Mayor's office was done like this," reports a 1971 juror. "Alioto talked to the jury members for an hour or so, and everybody was impressed at how well he could talk to them. . . The whole thing was phoney. Alioto had city workers on his election staff, and no one investigated that."


The report that finally emerged on the Mayor's office, in time for him to quote it glowingly at his inaugural, typified the 1971 jury. It said: "... this committee. . . is reviewing the activities of the Mayor, the Honorable Joseph L. Alioto, and looking particularly at the positive accomplishments."

The jury has no independent, professional investigative staff; and lawyers—who could lend valuable experience and legal advice—are not allowed to serve. Each year the 19 new members have to spend a considerable amount of time just learning the ropes before they can even try to do much investigating on their own.

The Grand Jury, supposedly an investigative group, is clearly biased against personal initiative, against serious digging, against foremen like Henry North and Candlestick Park in 1959 and Edison Uno and the county jail in 1970. Go straight to the top guy, not to the employees, and take everything he says hook, line and sinker.

Continued next page



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Again and again, this happened to the 1971 jurors. They looked at outgoing Sheriff Matt Carberry and blandly praised his "untiring devotion," whitewashing the many documented and damning criticisms of his administration—from the Crime Committee and from Dick Hongisto, whose resounding election as Sheriff was a clear repudiation of Carberry's work. (How many people did die in the jail in 1971 or in 1970? Nobody seems to know.)

They looked at the Superior Court, ignored a Crime Committee report that showed the judges wouldn't need new courtrooms if they would just work a little harder and noted, "We are voicing their requests for additional space." Hadn't the jury read Penal Code section 939.9, which says, "A Grand Jury shall make no report, declaration or recommendation... except on the basis of its own investigation"?

They looked at the Department of Weights and Measures and found that it "has functioned smoothly over the years." Didn't they find the W & M records show persistent white-collar violations—short weighting of meat in the supermarkets, for example—but not a single prosecution in seven years?

They looked at the D.A. ("performing an outstanding job"), gave a gratuitous law-and-order rap ("most citizens feel overwhelmed by their helplessness in the face of this mounting crime"). But they didn't mention that the San Francisco D.A., unlike the D.A.'s in Sacramento, Contra Costa and L.A. Counties, doesn't go after white-collar crime and consequently loses tens of thousands in judgments.

They looked at the chief administrative officer, and beamed that he was "an extremely capable and highly respected and experienced businessman." As usual for Grand Juries, they never suggested that Tom Mellon, with virtually unlimited tenure, could himself be an important watchdog for the public instead of for the downtown

business interests he once represented as a high Chamber of Commerce official.

Perhaps the structure and procedures built into Grand Juries in California are so outmoded that a really independent, conscientious individual—a person who really tries to ask the big questions—cannot be tolerated. The Marin Grand Jury has such a person on its hands right now—and the body may not survive.

In Marin, three jurors could not, in good conscience, cooperate by voting the secret indictments the D.A. was railroading through. One resigned, another has started telling the press just how the jury works. The result has been chaos, sensitivity sessions and official censure for the outspoken juror.

"If they ever really did broaden the jury to the point that it was representative of the community," said Gerald Hawes, one of the Marin dissidents, "it couldn't function. There would be tremendous dissension. The district attorney would have to stop indicting."

For example: as is often recommended, even by juries themselves, there should be one body for indictments and one to handle investigations of government. It's highly questionable, in fact, that a Grand Jury should even participate in the indictments at all—as a rubber stamp, it only lends legitimacy to what the D.A. would be doing anyway.

Rid of the absurdity of doing the D.A.'s dirty work, the jury should be given investigative staffers, it should sever the tight relationships it now has with the bureaucracy—an assistant D.A., for example, is its advisor—and it should be given the funding to allow its members to devote more time to their task.

All these changes require revision of the Penal Code. All of them are crucial if the ongoing hypocrisy of the Grand Jury is to be reversed.



Wit and wisdom of the 1971 Grand Jury—excerpts from their reports

Did a city flack really write the 1971 Grand Jury Reports?

The Jury produced 55 studies in its year of investigating. The tone, though, is something less than abrasive. In no less than 31 instances in these 55 reports we find the jury "commending" or "praising" the leaders of different departments, using words and phrases like these: "knowledgeable... dedicated... able guidance... concerned... very capable... conscientious and of high quality... untiring devotion... deepest and sincerest gratitude... positive spirit and attitude... great efficiency..."

PROFUNDITIES

—"The Urban Design Plan... was composed in an effort to halt the threatened beauty of San Francisco through unrestricted building..." (p. 37)

—"The Grand Jury can make no recommendation that has not been discussed by persons of greater professional expertise..." (p. 38)

—"On the work load problems of the D.A.): 'A search for legal precedents requires frequent use of a law library.'" (p. 94)

STOP THE PRESSES

—"This committee of the Grand Jury wishes to commend the Mayor, the Honorable Joseph L. Alioto, for the interest, leadership and positive spirit and attitude that he has demonstrated to the people of San Francisco on so many occasions and in so many ways to make San Francisco again the city that knows how..." (p. 84-85)

—"...the 1971 Grand Jury appreciates the dedicated services of Sheriff Matthew Carberry, ending almost 40 years of untiring devotion to the citizenry of the City and County of San Francisco... We express our deepest and sincerest gratitude to Sheriff Matthew Carberry..." (p. 98)

—"The present Board of Supervisors is

conscientious and of high quality. It is generally responsive to the City's needs as far as the Charter and the available financial resources will permit."

—"The Planning Commission is composed of faithful and conscientious members, frequently called upon to demonstrate the judgment of Solomons and the patience of Jobs."

—"...we will compliment our police force for being free of any charges of corruption or Mafia influence..." (p. 7)

—"Chief administrative officer: 'The 1971 Grand Jury commends Mr. Thomas Mellon... for his untiring efforts in the performance of his overburdened duties to the citizens of this City.'" (p. 81)

—"Public defender: "...this Committee commends Mr. Mancuso and his dedicated staff for the efficient and economical operation of the Public Defender's Office, and for continued dedication to 'equal justice under the law'..." (p. 60)

GRATUITOUS COMMENTS

—"Port Commission: 'We recommend that they continue to maintain leadership in world commerce.'" (p. 59)

—"It is regrettable that the citizenry did not approve the adoption of the proposition that would have provided for new courtrooms... we are voicing (the courts') requests for additional space..." (p. 39)

—"...elected officials in high city government positions often make irresponsible and unrealistic proposals... as recently as August 1971 one elected official gave her blessing to the ill-conceived plan to extend the California Street cable car line down Polk Street thus adding more taxes to the already overburdened taxpayer..." (p. 25)

(And not a critical word, of course, about the PUC and how it allows PG&E to maintain its illegal private power monopoly and steal about \$40 million a year in private power profits.)

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The Guardian regularly breaks—and makes—news of national importance. Its urban economics stories (which provided the basic material for the Guardian book, "The Ultimate Highrise") are creating an entirely new perspective on highrise/high density planning. Its consumer stories have broken the supermarket dating codes and led to new open dating and open marketing practices and legislation. Every issue of the Guardian features investigative stories like these—on media monopolies, land development schemes, the war, the prison system, women's rights... on all major institutions and policies that work against the public interest.

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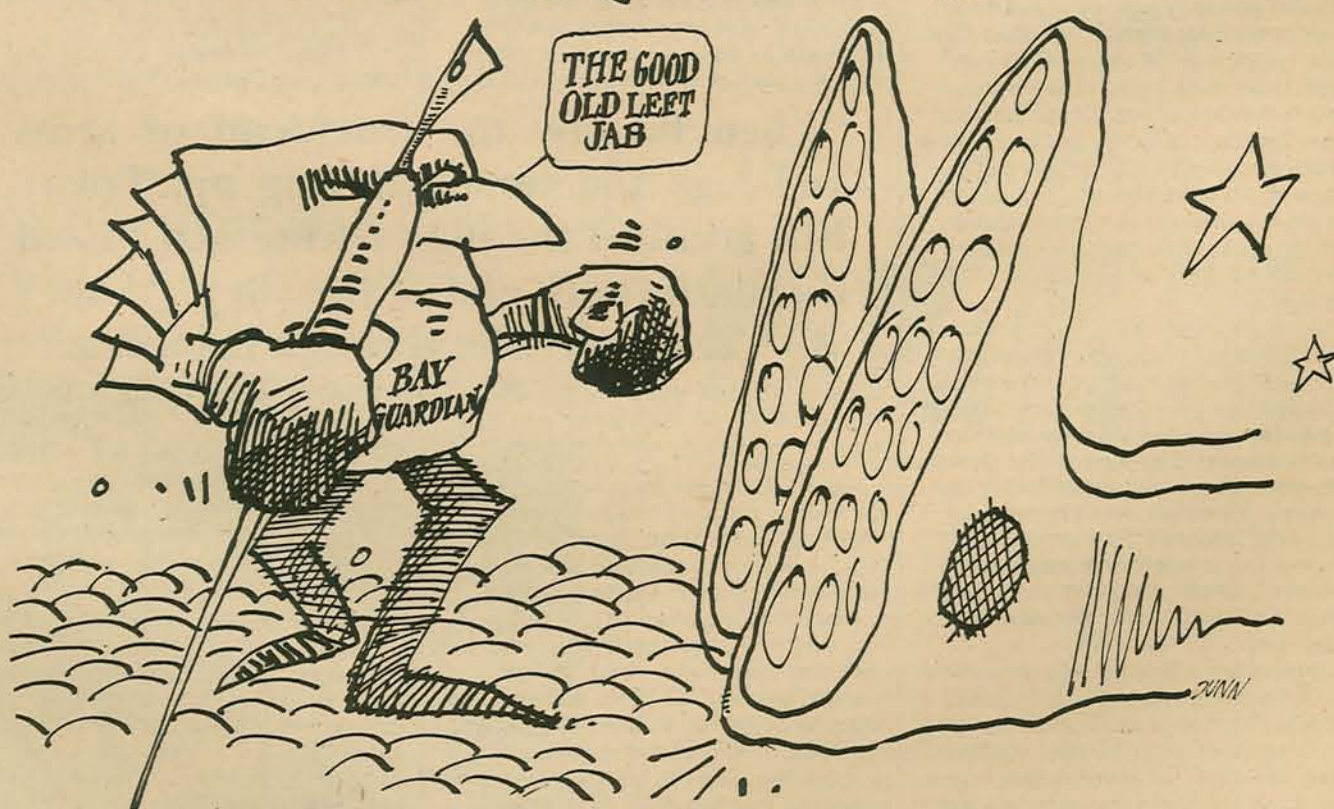
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Continued from page 1

Revisiting Grant and Green

'In 1964, Dave Rosenbloom hired Carol Doda to dance without a bra in the Condor and topless was born . . . when a reporter asked Davy about Jack Kerouac, Davy said, "Who's he?"'

*Filled with dank breath
Escaping in gasps to nowhere.
Before completely objective mirrors
I have shot myself with my eyes,
But death refused my advances.
I have walked on my walls each night
Through strange landscapes in my
head.
I have brushed my teeth with orange
peel,
Iced with cold blood from the drip-
ping faucets.
My face is covered with maps of dead
nations;
My hair is littered with drying
ragweed.
Bitter raisins drip haphazardly
from my nostrils.
While schools of glowing minnows
swim from my mouth.
Long-forgotten Indian tribes fight
battles on my chest
Unaware of the sunken ships rotting
in my stomach.
My legs are charred remains of burned
cypress trees;
My feet are covered with moss from
bayous, flowing across my floor.
I can't go out anymore.
I shall sit on my ceiling.
Would you wear my eyes?*

Not many would, or could, wear Bob Kaufman's eyes. They lead him in a lonely trajectory up and down Grant Avenue, in a San Francisco Sahara, inhabited by a particular tribe of American Bedouins who drifted onto the landscape from a lot of forgotten corners of America, some oases, some ghettos, each of them deserts in their own way.

The corner they escaped to, and that meant something to them at one time, was Grant and Green. The intersection had a lot of energy during the middle and late 1950s, and that energy has permeated the area with a certain ambience and meaning that remains even after the tribes have departed.

What prompted this piece was the realization of the terror the intersection of Grant Avenue and Green Street holds for some people these days. Not long ago, two young girls walked into the Spaghetti Factory Cafe and said to Ed Barnes, the bartender, "Whoeee, we just made it across the boogie man corner."

Without even thinking about it, Ed knew what the young girls meant. For the corner has become the Boogie Man Corner, full of scattered meanness and filth and genuine desperation and decay. It seems unreal that just a few short years ago it meant just the opposite, a haven where Crazy Alex could sit at his corner table in the Coexistence Bagel Shop and weave his world of words, or stand across the street under the awning of Ben's Grocery with his black sidekick, Curtis, and pin passing strangers in a lilting poetry that transcended all craziness, just like the cadence of his voice transcended all opposition.

Crazy Alex was a long, lean black dude who spent part of his time at Agnews State Mental Hospital and the rest of his time on the corner of Grant and Green. Crazy Alex could wear Bob Kaufman's eyes, did wear them in fact, and they were still open when he finally disappeared. He hadn't been blinded yet, one of the few and only true walking geniuses I've ever met, saddened and destroyed in a weird American way by the fact of his blackness and the death of his white wife.

Rumor had it that his wife committed suicide in Mexico by walking into Lake Chapala. Her death and the fact that the authorities took away his child catalyzed Crazy Alex into his own slow spin, a spin that propelled him to the intersection of Grant and Green where he became part of the energy, his tongue whirring like a dynamo.

The intersection was fascinating because each corner was different, had its own personality, set apart by the businesses and the people who frequented them. On one corner sat the Bagel Shop, full of hip young Beats with new beards and poetry. The Bagel Shop was a delicatessen/bar with the deli case in back and the bar running down the right side as you walked in. Behind the bar was a large mural that had been painted over by a number of artists, each one successively recreating scenes out of his own imagination.

The last mural, the one on the wall when the Bagel Shop closed, had been painted by Aaron Miller, a black painter who used to walk around with a black leather jacket and beret just like real

from an abalone poaching run up in Tomales Bay with \$500 in his pockets. He got drunk and jumped up on the mahogany bar and danced sandal-footed among the broken sugar urns, tossing fistfuls of money out to everyone.

Zeke Tollerton's introduction to the Bagel Shop came after a 3,000 mile hitchhiking trip from New York. He walked into the Bagel Shop and a job when the bartender who was on duty up and split, leaving Zeke empty-glassed the minute he walked in. Zeke walked behind the bar to serve himself and stayed to serve others. When Jay Hoppe came in the next day to count the receipts, he found Zeke asleep on the bar and every dime safe, stuffed under the cash register.

The Bagel Shop had a hundred apocryphal stories, not the least of which revolved around Crazy Alex's table in the front corner. Crazy Alex sat in the corner all day watching the street outside. Sharing his table would be Dr. Frick Frack, another parolee from Agnews, and Curtis, and anyone else who dared to face Alex's withering tongue.

It was an insane corner to sit in because every now and then an angry customer whom Jay Hoppe had 86'd would walk by and toss a brick through the

was there, sign of another time that every Beat was psychically aware of.

Every time Bob was busted, the cops took him down to the old Hall of Injustice on Kearny Street and beat him up in the elevators between the third and fourth floors.

It happened so often that it got to be a sick joke on The Beach. Every time, Ilene, Bob's wife, would rush up and down Grant Avenue soliciting bail money. A lot of the businesses on the avenue had a weekly budget for Bob Kaufman's bail.

Kitty-corner across the intersection from The Bagel Shop was Ben's Grocery Store, where a thirsty dude could cop a jug of tokay until two in the morning, then walk around into Bannam Alley and down it. Tokay Bill and Mike McCracken and Pat Cassidy and Zeke Tollerton and several others of us used to cop our jugs and make it into any alley that was close and dark and away from the tourists. It was great fun standing around in wine-drinking circles spitting words and wisdom, gathering energy before returning to our lofts down in the produce district where most of us lived.

Michael Bowen would be there, too, fresh from a new score or on his way to score. Once, while we were standing in Fresno Alley with our jug, Bowen drove up in a beatup old pickup truck with a load of mannikins from a mannikin factory downtown. When he saw the truckload



1950 Grant and Green in the 1950s: "... if any one spot can define an area, an era and a time, the intersection of those two streets defines North Beach. . . the intersection has never been peaceful, even back in the late 1950s when the warfare had a certain glory about it." Photo: Jerry Stoll

painters from 1920s Paris, the prototype of his personal image.

I always believed Aaron to be somewhat of a fake, strolling along the avenue with his exaggerated gestures, heavy-lidded eyes and an accent that seemed to come from somewhere very far away. Aaron was too much a caricature of a painter, though being fake in

window. Or someone else from inside would pick up a chair and make himself some fresh air. After replacing the front window 15 times, Jay had a protective screen built over it which took away some of the charm but saved him glazing bills.

A frequent event was Bob Kaufman battling Bigarani. Whenever the two

'When he saw the truckload of arms and legs and torsos driving up, Tokay Bill grabbed the jug of wine and tossed it into the dark end of the alley. "That's all," he cried, "I'm through drinking."

those days wasn't sinful. We were all young and part of finding out who you were was being fake part of the time.

Inside, the Bagel Shop was a crazy melange of people. I remember one time watching Taylor Mead sitting on the piano reading his homosexual poetry. Taylor was describing in intimate detail his sexual delictados when Officer Bill Bigarani walked in. You could have heard a dick rise. Taylor brazened it through, though, shouting out in his vibrating falsetto for all the bar to hear. Bigarani and his clubmate shouldered their way through the crowd to the back of the room and then returned, pausing at the door with scowls an inch thick on their faces.

Another time Patrick Cassidy came in

saw each other, a chemical reaction set in and Bigarani would grab Bob and haul him outside, giving him a few cuffs as he held him by the police call box in front of the place. Bob, at this time, was a sandal-clad, angel-faced hipster with a hint of hysteria around his eyes and a too-deep pain in his face.

A tripper even then who, because of his blackness and the times and his talent, was the devil of the authorities, butt and knave to be beat and stomped each time he and they walked down Grant Avenue at the same time. The police call box, situated in front of the Bagel Shop, had a swastika painted on its side. Every time I passed that place where Bob was collared, I thought it particularly poignant and appropriate that the swastika

of arms and legs and torsos drive up, Tokay Bill grabbed the jug of wine and tossed it into the far dark end of the alley. "That's all," he cried. "I'm through drinking!"

Ben's Grocery was an oasis because it stayed open late and you could buy all your necessities, beer and wine and food even, if that ever crossed your mind. Crazy Alex stationed himself under the store's awning when he wasn't in his corner in The Bagel Shop and, along with his sidekick Curtis, formed a cordon the tourists had to battle through.

Alex had an abrupt way of panhandling quarters that stopped most people in their tracks. There was nothing wheedling about it, and it hadn't become the order of the day like nowadays with so many sparechangers. So, almost everyone he tapped would stop and dig in. He lived off what he panhandled. The curious thing about Crazy Alex's sidekick was that he never said anything, a perfect partner for Alex whose mouth never stopped moving.

Up the street from Ben's Grocery was the Spaghetti Factory Cafe, which didn't open until 5:30 in the afternoon. Every day, a few kids would be spread out on the sidewalk, lying in the sun with cans of beer, talking shop and scaring tourists with intense bug eyes and shouting poetry.

Newcomers on the scene inevitably hung out on this corner until they mus-

Continued next page



'The first thing that hit you when you entered the Coffee Gallery was this fantastic piercing odor that reamed out all your sinuses. Any drink you ordered was unique because of this patina of smell that permeated everything.'

Continued from previous page

tered up enough courage to enter the Bagel Shop. The Bagel Shop had a certain fierce intensity about it that intimidated newcomers, all those gaunt faces and long beards inside, the dim coolness of the place and the police call box with the swastika painted on it.

So lined up across the street would be just-arrived hipsters from Des Moines and Detroit, Salvation Army-clad desperados come because of the energy. Old-timers on the set, that is, those who'd been there for more than a month, ignored this corner, sometimes passing the kids after dark to enter the Spaghetti Factory, but never deigning to listen or share a beer. In the evening the gang would move up a few feet and stare in the open door of the back room of the Factory to watch the dancers of Flamenca de la Bodega perform.

On the fourth corner, kitty-corner

100 years. Every time I walked by the place, I imagined 400-pound Hawaiian teddy boys with flowered shirts and funny, hooked knives.

The bar never seemed to have anyone in it and I wondered how it stayed in business. The Hawaiian Gardens was Grant Avenue's own monument to ignoring the Beat Generation, a business right in the heart of the action that refused to pay any attention.

Next door to the Hawaiian Gardens was Leo Riegler's Coffee Gallery, one of the oldest establishments on the set, having evolved out of a place called Miss Smith's Tearoom into a funky dark bar that featured live jazz and folk music, cheap beer and wine and a chess table in front where you could, if you were of a mind, sit all day and move pieces back and forth across the board, while outside the rooks and pawns walked up and

seamen and hangers-on who turned the place into a common ground for promulgating their various enterprises. Steve Schneck, the novelist, tended bar; so did Richard Starkey, the actor.

By the early 60s the place had assumed unduplicatable proportions, sort of a weird cross between a bar and a mission, with a smell no chemist alive could have created. The atmosphere was an ambrosia consisting of a mixture of urine and wine and beer and disinfectant that had moved into the walls to stay.

The first thing that hit you when you entered the place was this fantastic piercing odor that immediately reamed out all your sinuses. Any drink you ordered was unique because of this patina of smell that permeated everything. During the late 50s and early 60s Pony Poindexter, Bob Sieder, Nick Gravenitis, Janis Joplin, Kell Robertson and hundreds of others came into the Coffee Gallery to sing or play, many of them getting their first real audience in the place.

Each corner of the intersection of Grant and Green had its own little coterie of regulars, each establishment its clientele. Some of us were part of every corner, and some of none; just drifters who hung around the edges of the circles.

There was an army of dudes whose beards looked like armpits on their chins,

was the center, though, the crosshairs on the small end of the telescope that magnified the features, brought into focus the crazy intensity of the various parts. Whether it was the Bread and Wine Mission up on Greenwich and Grant where Pierre Delattre and his wife, Lois, administered their Episcopalian rites over the budding bards, fed them spaghetti on Thursdays and listened to them read their poetry on Wednesdays; or its polar opposite, City Lights Bookstore, where the physical manifestations of the possible realities everyone was dreaming of presented themselves in all their glory: 30-page editions of Pocket Poets, Beat journals and mimeographed reminiscences stapled together with all the faith and hope and charity only youth and enthusiasm and misunderstood sensibility could muster.

It was glorious. An electric energy that infected everyone vibrated throughout North Beach. Old Italian grandmothers who couldn't understand what was happening cursed and moaned as fawn-skinned young chickiebabies pranced down the avenue with their black-skinned daddies, then sold their homes to the Chinese who were slowly creeping towards North Beach from Chinatown. In 1960, Bigarani was arresting black dudes who walked down Grant Avenue with white chicks, and anyone with bare feet was subject to the paddy wagon.

The police hustle got harder in '61 and the Bagel Shop closed and a lot of the serious Beats moved to Marin and Big Sur. In 1964, Davy Rosenbloom hired Carol Doda to dance without a bra in the Condor and topless was born, a movement that had more energy than the Beat movement, wiping out in less than five years every legitimate small business on Broadway. In 1967, when a reporter asked Davy Rosenbloom about Jack Kerouac, Davy said, "Who's he?"

In the last few months the intersection of Grant and Green has seen two murders, a dozen holdups, at least 20 fights, many of them bloody, and I don't know how many attempted rapes and other human struggles. As I approach the end of this piece, I realize that the intersection has never been peaceful, even back in the late 1950s when the warfare had a certain glory about it.

But Boogie Man Corner it never was. The two young chicks who raced across the intersection to get to the Spaghetti Factory Cafe were not imagining things, however. For even I, as I stand on the corner of an evening, am struck by a certain intangible despair. For one thing, the sewer connection on the corner needs fixing, the smell is pungent enough to make you hurry, but aside from that the corner seems lacking. Maybe it's the sound of Crazy Alex's voice that's missing, maybe the blare from the old Co-existence Bagel Shop.

When I look up from my reverie and see Bob Kaufman, poet and man and black Rimbaud, shudder across the avenue in his methedrine dream, I think maybe it's me. Maybe I just don't have eyes anymore.



1972 Grant and Green, 1972: "The intersection had a lot of energy during the middle and late 1950s, and that energy has permeated the area with a certain ambience and meaning that remains even after the tribes have departed." Photo: Roger Lubin

across from the Spaghetti Factory, was a place called the Hawaiian Gardens, a weird, creepy hole that no one I knew ever entered. The windows were always coated with an inch of dust, and inside were curious remnants of tropical plants that had mutated into crazy shapes that made you wonder.

The place was like something out of Edward Gorey, full of a creepy stillness that reminded you of an old ladies' herbarium that had been neglected for

down Grant Avenue.

Leo had a partner named Matt Vidiver who helped run the place, but one day Matt disappeared and the place took on Leo's shape alone, sort of a dark, funky, gelatinous ambience that filled both rooms with restlessness, wailing jazz and poetry and heated conversations that sometimes broiled out onto the sidewalk.

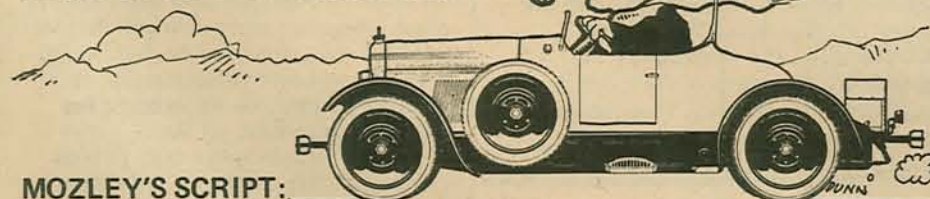
Over the years the Coffee Gallery became the focal point for a whole set of poets, painters, writers, longshoremen,

who carried heavy sheaves of poetry around like oral toilet paper used constantly to wipe up the verbal diarrhea from which they suffered. Like any movement, the Beat Renaissance was really a crazy melange of a hundred scenes, each new caravan of drifters coming in on waves of publicity and hope, forming into cadres whose local rank was established by the amount of time served on the set.

The intersection of Grant and Green

URBAN AWARDS DEPT.

For consumer reporting in the Ralph Nader tradition—to Don Mozley of KCBS for his Jan. 24 KCBS news analysis on the British Motors case.



MOZLEY'S SCRIPT:

"A self-styled consumer group learned the legal facts of life over the weekend, getting hit with a \$6 million damage suit, charging an attempt to extort money from a San Francisco auto dealership, and defamation of the business.

At issue is how much, and how long, the dealer should repair a 7-year old car. (*A) When things didn't work out to the buyer's satisfaction, (*B) she persuaded a local consumer committee to

picket the place. (*C) But, the committee hardly got on the sidewalk before it was served with the damage suit.

Now interestingly enough, similar damage suits have been won by big business in other parts of the country—and a huge one is on file in Japan against a consumer group—that one charging blackmail. In that case, the auto manufacturer, not the dealer, filed the action, alleging that when he refused to pay off

the committee, it began a campaign of harassment against him. (*D)

Nothing of the sort is contained in the complaint here, but businesses do have protection, and so do their customers. The courts are the final arbiters—not the streets or the sidewalks. Short of the trial courts, owner, the manufacturer and then the Small Claims Court, where these situations can be argued at virtually no cost to the plaintiff. (*E)

The one peculiar thing about the San Francisco case is the discovery among the consumers committee of a deputy attorney-general free-lancing on his day off. He's described as a "volunteer attorney." (*F) But the question arises—does a deputy attorney-general ever have a legal day off—especially to take part in a complaint which could well have come before his office, officially. (*G)

That indeed may raise legal eyebrows. This is Don Mozley. (*H) "

REBUTTAL

(*A) The customer had just bought the car

(*B) Why should she be satisfied—the

car was a pile of junk—and it broke down during and after the 30-day warranty period.

(*C) SF Consumer Action began working on this complaint 6 months before it finally picketed as a last resort.

(*D) Isn't it harassment to slap a \$6 million suit on a volunteer consumer group?

(*E) The SFCA did exhaust many avenues of complaint, up to the A.G.'s Office before picketing.

(*F) This was Dep. Atty. Gen. Neil Gendel, wrongly described by the Examiner as a "volunteer attorney." A quick check would have revealed that SFCA already has competent legal counsel.

(*G) BMC case would not go to Gendel's office, Investment Fraud, but to the A.G.'s Consumer Fraud Unit.

(*H) Don Mozley, KCBS automotive editor, also free-lances on his day off—for Motorland, the AAA trade magazine, in a regular column titled "Western Driver."

Is there a conflict here?

"I have no connections with the auto industry," Mozley said. —M.K.



EDITORIALS

Reforming the judges

Criticism of San Francisco courts has finally gone respectable: it has turned up on the pages of the Chronicle, which ran a "News Analysis" on Mar. 27 called "SF Court Reform May Be Near." But it was tepid, over-optimistic stuff, for it talked seriously about the extent of the courts' problems, glowingly about a few small-bore reforms, but not at all about the real root of the problem, the laziness, inefficiency and obeisance to seniority of many SF judges, which has allowed the case backlog to reach staggering proportions, the worst in the state. (The July civil case backlog, for example, came to 293 per judge, slightly more than double the state average, which means accident victims may have to wait up to five years for a settlement. Nobody even knows how high it is now.)

"The problem of the courts has been common knowledge for many years," writes Michael Harris for the Chron. He might have added that this "common knowledge" never got much play in his paper until now—and now, not because Harris or anybody looked into the matter, but only because an ultra Blue Ribbon committee of the San Francisco Bar Association, chaired by Atty. John Sutro, has released a report cautiously setting afloat a few reforms in court administration.

The reforms Sutro's group brings up, of course, are needed: they're things like transferring minor cases from judges to commissioners, using arbitration instead of trials and combining jury lists for Muni and Superior Courts to cut down on overlapping.

But Sutro and the Bar Association, like the Chron and the Examiner and the Grand Jury and most of the city's elected officials, have pussyfooted around the big issue: why don't our judges work harder?

Where were John Sutro and the Bar Association, for example, over a year ago (November, 1970) when Irving Reichert's Committee on Crime documented the inefficiencies and sloppy management of San Francisco's courts? Where were the Chron and the Examiner when Dick Hongisto used Reichert's findings to criticize courageously the courts during his campaign last October, and was met only with blustering outrage from the judges and journalistic coolness from the press? (A rhetorical question: The Ex/Chron decided to investigate Hongisto, not the judges.)

The Guardian was covering the story. We pounded the points about slack working loads and suggested attorneys run against some of the incumbent judges—to give their records and the issues of judicial reform a little public airing. As it turns out, that's exactly what happened. More people are running for judge this year than ever before.

We were joined in exposing the courts from an unexpected quarter: KGO radio. In February, Harv Morgan (an anchorman turned investigative reporter) put together an excellent two-week series, "Are the Courts Guilty?" which took him months to research. It was hardly a radical piece of work—he bent over backwards to give judges a chance to contradict his damning findings—but it did give KGO's large radio audience a good idea of the dimensions of the judicial mess.

As a postscript to his 90-minute wrap-up documentary, he urged the public to pressure the judges for administrative reforms.

Then, speaking at a SF Bar Association meeting, he correctly lambasted that group's impotence: "As lawyers you already knew many of the problems that exist in our courts, and therefore I accuse you of knowing and yet allowing the conditions to exist."

The Bar Association, as Morgan notes, shares much of the blame for judicial ineptitude; its counterparts in New York and Los Angeles long ago established



procedures to keep a stern eye on court administration. In San Francisco, the Bar has long avoided showing the spirit or the will to take on the judges. Now that it has taken the first tentative step, through the Sutro Committee, it has kept its kid gloves on.

"Judicial reform is a slow, sensitive process," Richard Morris, general counsel for the Bar Association, told us. Lawyers tend to be extremely cautious about stepping on any judicial toes, he said, lest they pay for it the next time they take a case to court. So when the Bar Association started to consider reform, it only did so through study groups which were a coalition of judges and lawyers. So it's no surprise that the Sutro group pointed no accusing finger at the judges for not working hard enough.

But the miserable working record of the judges is no dead issue, by any means. It's still as much a problem today as it was when the Crime Committee documented it in Superior Courts in June, 1970: then, only two-thirds of the assigned courtrooms were in use when checked in the mornings, only one-third in the afternoons.

Guardian reporter Sherri Willis did a similar "roll call" for the Municipal Court on seven Wednesdays and Fridays this January and February. She found exactly what Reichert's Committee had learned a year and one-half earlier.

On the days she checked in the mornings (between 9 and 11:30), 81 courtrooms were assigned; 59 were actually in use. In the afternoons (between 2 and 3:30), she had to search to find a single judge working: only 13 of a possible 63 courtrooms were in use.

These are the courtrooms which, claim the judges, are so overcrowded that plush new facilities are needed. Wouldn't it be a lot cheaper just to hire an efficiency expert to help the judges manage their time and schedule their calendars?

Morgan, for his show, checked court records on attendance of 17 Superior Court judges for the last six months of 1971. He found a total of 316 days of vacancies during that period—though only 179 would be expected if the judges were taking normal vacations (and nobody seems to have any record of the judges' vacations).

More interesting, though, was when these vacancies fell. Out of the entire six-month period, there was only one hole—one period of 30 days with almost no absences. Strange to say, this period was Oct. 26 to Nov. 26, right after Hongisto was talking about lazy judges.

Yes, they were stung by Hongisto, and they came to work regularly once he put the public spotlight on them. (A whispering campaign promptly started up among the judges. The favorite thigh-slapper: one judge asks another, "What is a Hongisto?")

Even the Sutro committee noted an important administrative logjam: the San Francisco anachronism of selecting the presiding judge by seniority each year. The presiding judgeship, after all, is a vital post; a good, strong individual can do much to tighten the courts' reins. That's why the California Rules of Court strongly recommend selection of the presiding judge "on the basis of his administrative qualifications and interest rather than by rotation."

San Mateo already has abandoned rotation in favor of true election by the judges, and Superior Court Administrator Paul Peoples is proud of the results: "Our judges have recognized this is a particular job that requires administrative ability... and that (some) judges may not be peculiarly adapted to the presiding judge job."

The same presiding judge has been re-elected twice in San Mateo, and has done wonders, says Peoples. "He assigns judges to areas of their ability, leading to an increased effectiveness of the courts. Our court right now is almost completely current."

We asked Byron Arnold, presiding judge in the Superior Court here, how the judges justify using the outmoded rotational system. "It's because of custom," he said. "I suppose it's because they think experience is the best teacher."

Worthwhile reform of the San Francisco courts, it is clear, is going to take more than a high-status lawyers' committee working hand-in-hand with the judges, trying gradually to lead them down the path to administrative change. It's going to require, instead, some tough public scrutiny focused on the courts and the judges, more Reichert, Hongisto, Morgan stuff, and demands by the voters that regardless of their political or judicial philosophies, these judges must get to work and stay at work. W.R.

A Glance At the Grand Jury

Note: the reason we're running the long Grand Jury story on p. 6 is twofold: a) we're hoping this year's jury can do better and b) we're putting the pressure on the judges to begin looking now, and not just among their pals, for 1973 Grand Jurors whose eyeballs don't start rolling the moment they meet a city department head behind a big desk.

The urban disaster plan

Like those fantastic juggernauts the Hari Krishna people tack together out in the Haight-Ashbury every year, the Urban Design Plan creaks and groans steadily toward its ultimate consecration as SF's folly of the decade.

It's now wheeling through a series of neighborhood public hearings where citizens get to hiss and boo and hurl invective at Planning Commissioners nodding off up on the stage, taking few notes and keeping no records. A few months down the road, the commissioners will vote on it. Then the supervisors will repeat the process.

Then it will be law, we'll all think we're saved, we can get back to daily life and let downtown interests and their politicians at City Hall high-densify and destroy what's left of the last lovely American city.

The basic blueprints came from SPUR and the downtown crowd, of course: these called for a wide-open development policy for the central business district and inner-core areas like Nob and Russian Hills and plenty of room for expansion into middle- and outer-core neighborhoods. These were essentials.

But Jacobs was given free rein, in fact he was firmly encouraged, to build a superstructure that would be... inspiring. He could shape the entire plan with the latest esthetic and design philosophies. He could festoon it with rippling planning platitudes: lollipop trees, utopian four-color diagrams, pictures of fine old Victorians it would be nice to save—that sort of thing.

The Urban Design Plan Jacobs came up with fit the SPUR specifications perfectly. Downtown: anything goes. Russian Hill: up to 400 feet. Neighborhoods: a spot-zoning approach that puts buildings from 160 to 240 feet tall in the Sunset, Richmond, Western Addition, Mission, Pacific Heights, Balboa Park. All in all, it would permit developers to triple or quadruple the city's density. When that was done, of course, a new Urban Design Plan could be hammered together the same way.

Almost everyone began singing and shouting and playing ring-around-the-Urban-Design-Plan. There was SPUR, the Mayor, his planning commission, all the supervisors, Ex/Chron and the major media, the Chamber/Real Estate Board/Downtown Assoc. bloc.

And there was SF Tomorrow, SF Beautiful, the League of Women Voters and lots of neighborhood groups usually more skeptical about such City Hall productions.

But hardly after it got out of the barn, the Planning Department's stupendous creation ran into its first telephone wire. The Planning Commission approved a huge Holiday Inn on Van Ness even though it violated every guideline, limit and control in the new plan. Then: approval of an equally outrageous twin apartment tower project for Russian Hill.

SF Tomorrow and most of the neighborhood groups began to have second thoughts. Neighborhood groups woke up. The Guardian's cost/revenue study of highrise/high-density costs in downtown SF cracked wide open the old Chamber chestnut that highrises expand the city's tax base: not only do they cost more in services than they bring in in revenues, the study proved, but they drive up land values, force out middle-income families and blue-collar jobs, create ghettos and draw in more cars. Other studies, such as one done by Price-Waterhouse for York, Ontario, back up ours.

But the Urban Design Plan rolls on.

When the Hari Krishna build their juggernauts, the idea is that legions of ecstatic neighborhood people will grab the ropes and help haul it along its course. But the ropes for the tattered and denuded Urban Design Plan are dragging behind it, and the streets are littered with discredited and useless Planning Department jargon.

A SPUR/Chamber/D.A./Real Estate Board engine is its sole source of power. Isn't that pretty plain by now?



Floyd and the author demonstrate their technique

Thumbs up in California— 1972 rules for the road

By Dennis Linden

I have been riding my thumb for almost five years—hitching for pleasure and out of economic necessity through the West. In just the past year, my thumb and I have logged some 40,000 miles to and from my house just above the coastal town of Mendocino, 200 miles north of San Francisco.

Thumbing, I've found, is a legitimate and viable vehicle for me (and often my dog Floyd) and I've developed the art and science of thumbing to the point where I can now travel almost anywhere with as much freedom as if I owned my own car, but without the expense.

Whatever the reason to travel by thumb, keep one major rule: Do not be in a hurry (even if you are). I used to get mad at the anonymous autos that zoomed past me, arm and thumb extended, impatiently. I took the whole business much too personally, which may sound silly to anybody who hasn't hitched before.

Yet, it is surprising to watch yourself, normally calm and rational, begin to view each car that passes as a personal slap in the face. Once, I caught myself yelling insults at passing motorists on a beautiful, sunny and blue Santa Barbara day while waiting for a ride north. I was a bundle of ill will on the kind of day I normally would have blossomed like spring itself.

First, if you're in a hurry, you shouldn't be hitching. The time element is always unpredictable. Always allow much more time than you think you need if hitching on a schedule.

Second, although I can't explain the science behind it, your chances of getting a ride seem to get better in direct proportion to how "loose" you remain. Moods do reflect vibes which are as real as the thumb you're angling with. Vibes do communicate to the driver in a passing auto (I feel them, and I know he feels them). So, keep smiling. Keep it light.

THE RATIONALE FOR HITCHING

There are enough automobiles, too many in fact, on the roads today. The cities are choking to death from the selfishness of individuals who demand their own four-wheeled private capsule with their own tape-deck and their own faulty muffler. Automobiles are equipped with more than one seat; in today's hazed-out environment, these seats should be filled.

I do not pretend that my reasons for hitching stem purely from social sacri-

fice. People are interesting and cars are expensive. I live 200 miles north, but I travel to San Francisco monthly to work on a few newspapers.

It is a solid five-hour drive by car; on the last trip down I left at exactly 10 a.m. and arrived at the Guardian office at 3:15 p.m. The total expenses: the price of a can of beer for myself and one of the drivers who gave me a ride. (I offered gas money to those who looked like they could use the help, but was refused each time.)

So, without my own car, it took only 15 extra minutes. To the standard apple-pie comment I get, "why-the-hell-can't-you-work-hard-enough-to-buy-

Samaritan who blocks traffic to do you a favor. I have seen many people getting tickets on 19th Ave., between the Golden Gate and Lincoln Ave., for doing this. The fine is \$50.

On highways and city streets, stay out of the road. Stay on the curb, if there is one, or far enough away from the street so as not to make a driver nervous at your presence.

As a rule, it's a good idea to stay away from local authorities, especially, of course, in small towns where they have nothing better to do but hassle you. Highway Patrol are by and large good people. Their patrolmen are generally there just to help, without the

\$10 ticket. Be patient. Develop a bus-stop attitude—it's not that you won't ever get a ride, it's just that the one who is supposed to pick you up is running a little late. Wait.

SELL YOURSELF

Just because you're doing it legal, this doesn't guarantee you a ride. The whole thing is a problem in display for, in a sense, you must now sell yourself.

My first mistake in the 22-hour L.A. trip was to be at that on-ramp at all. On long trips, avoid freeways by watching the map and getting out before the highway turns to freeway. You are better off looking conspicuous in the middle of nowhere than getting stuck in a small town with one ramp on and one ramp off that no one uses.

Freeways are not bad for short trips around a large community such as the Bay Area. But then it is wise to ask the driver where he is headed before getting in. The many interchanges could take you away from your destination instead of closer to it.

Wait for a ride to take you where you want to go and turn down all others. Do not feel forced into a car, prompted by some sort of invisible social pressure. The drivers who stop for you in an urban area generally pick people up all the time. They do it because they just want to help and are not offended if you turn down the ride. The hitchhiker is faceless and forgotten almost before the door is slammed; ego-tripping on the highway is foolishness.

To stand on the traffic side of a light pleading for a ride, or to stand across the street waiting for a ride—that is the question. The problem again deals with display and merchandising. Standing with the traffic, asking for a ride with cocker-spaniel eyes and shivering thumb, strikes me as the hard sell.

I guess it's a matter of style, but I do not demand that everyone give me a ride. There are times I just feel like driving by myself, so I won't pick up. I am content to wait across from the light for someone who could dig some company, rather than imposing myself.

ADVERTISE YOURSELF

A sign stating your destination is useful in some types of hitching. Use stiff material, like cardboard, big enough to see, yet small enough to carry easily. About 18 by 24 inches is reason-

'L.A. to S.F. should take no more than 10 hours if you pick your ride carefully.'

your-own-car," I only shake my head in pity. Some of us do work hard for what we have, I reply, but we have more respect for our energy than to waste it away on a rubber-eating, gas-drinking, smoke-belching, insured hulk of metal that is going to rust away in five years anyway.

This five-hour hitch from Mendocino to San Francisco is now standard for me, but once this little jaunt would have taken me twice the time. Hitchhiking is more than just stretching a thumb pointing "that-a-way." Like any other art form, it has a basic discipline and technique.

THE LAW OF THE ROAD

What is legal and what is illegal. Yes, I know it seems silly to keep both feet on the curb. And why not walk out to the freeway when you haven't seen a car anywhere near the on-ramp you've stood at for an hour? The law says you can't in California.

Know the laws of the state and county you are hitching in. Rules change from county line to county line. Ask your driver or ask the first Highway Patrolman you spot.

It is illegal in California to hitchhike on a freeway. You may stand anywhere you can read the green sign: Freeway Entrance. If you cannot read it, then you're probably standing behind it, and that's illegal.

Always make sure there is enough room for a car to pull out of the traffic or off the on-ramp when picking you up. No law requires the hitchhiker to do this, but there is a law fining the good

cops 'n robbers business of city police. If you are stopped by the men in black and white, just be friendly, carry an I.D. and look them straight in the eyes.

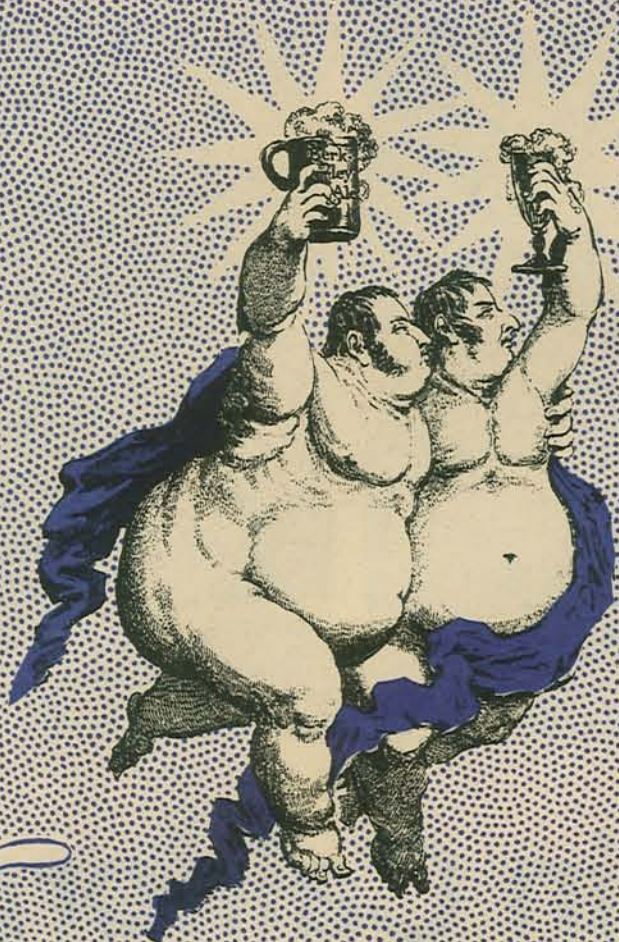
The law works on your patience—but do not give in because the results are not worth it. Once, as a novice hiker, I made a trip to Los Angeles that took about 22 hours (ridiculous: L.A. should take no more than 10 to 12 hours if you pick your rides carefully). About 21 hours into the whole hallucination, I found myself at an on-ramp just outside Oxnard at the junction of Hwy. 101 and the Coast Hwy. 1. The freeway cut through flat farmland country and there I was, without a car in sight, tired, only 30 miles from my destination, just wanting to Get There by this point. My head kept urging me to walk up a few yards—just to the end of the ramp—rationalizing that the law of averages was in my favor. There are many more private cars on the road than cops, after all; I was bound to get a ride before a patrol car came by. Just as I reached the top of the ramp, a Highway Patrolman sped up, slammed on his brakes and flashed his light. Fortunately, things turned out all right because he could tell that I did just take 20 hours to get that far from San Francisco, as I told him.

He seemed like a fairly nice guy; and I knew the freeway turned to highway in six or seven miles. I suggested it would be more charitable for him to give me a lift to the end of the freeway, and an easier hitch, instead of a ticket. He said sure.

This episode had a happy ending, but it could have just as easily been a

Continued on page 14





*no admission charge

Busby Berkeley Musicals: "Gold-diggers of 1935," with Dick Powell, amazing dance scenes include about 100 pianos, dancing; and "Footlight Parade," with James Cagney, Times Theatre, Stockton and Broadway, 1 p.m., 2:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:20 p.m. and 10 p.m., 362-3770, 99¢, one day only.

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"The Wild Child," based on true story of a boy discovered in the forests of France in 1798, beautifully done, Telegraph Repertory Cinema, Cinema II, 2533 Telegraph Ave., 848-8650, Thurs.-Wed. Nina Simone, superb husky-voiced singer with tremendous emotional range, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove St., Berk., 836-0564, 9 p.m., 11 p.m., Fri.-Sat. Ike and Tina Turner, and the Ikettes, always a spectacular show, Circle Star Theatre, Bayshore at Whipple, San Carlos, 364-2550, Fri. thru Sun. "Bobby Hutcherson Quartet," Hutcherson was 1971 International Jazz Critics Poll Award winner as world's best vibist, City Lights Poets Theatre, 430 Mason St., 398-9460, midnight, \$2.50. Fri.-Sat.

EASTER DAY

*"Dream Dances of the Kasha Pomo," first in excellent series of films about California Indians, Oakland Museum, 10th and Oak Streets, 1 and 3 p.m.

Busby Berkeley double bill extravaganza, "Flirtation Walk," with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, "Dames," with Ruby Keeler, Gateway Cinema, 215 Jackson, 421-3354, thru Apr. 4.

"Leslie West, Jack Bruce, Corky Laing," and "Cold Blood," very hard rock, Winterland.

Sen. George McGovern, Face The Nation, KPIX, Channel 5, 2 p.m.

Register for "Prison: Inside and Out," six sessions include: getting inside (with Charles Garry), the new convict movement (features Prison Sheriff Richard Hongisto), The College of Marin, Fine Arts Theatre, Kentfield, Tuesdays beginning April 4, 8 p.m., \$6 for entire series, \$1 per session.

*Lecture-demonstration by Alwin Nikolais and his Dance Theatre, Nikolais, who composes the music and designs the costumes, sets, lighting and special effects for his dance works, will discuss and demonstrate his choreographic concepts, Zellerbach Auditorium, Berk., 8 p.m.

Korean music concert, performances of "P'Ansori" (Korean dramatic epics in song), rarely played music on 9 uncommon instruments (yangquen, tanso, kayageum), Hertz Hall, UC-Berkeley, 8 p.m., \$3.

*"Son of the Shiek," Valentino on the sands, Excelsior Library, 4400 Mission, 7:30 p.m.

Join in strategy plans to keep open space on the Berkeley waterfront. Current development plans include highrise convention center, Berkeley Ecology Center, 2179 Allston Way, 7:30 p.m.

*The San Francisco waterfront and its future: free noontime lectures all this week, bring your lunch. Today—Richard Gryziec, of SF Tomorrow; Tomorrow—Larry Livingston, planner who did the famous Palo Alto foothills study, also the save-the-waterfront study for SF, SF Ecology Center, 13 Columbus Ave. Call 391-6307 for complete schedule.

"Alwin Nikolais and his Dance Theatre," performing 3 mixed-media works including one with 12 dancers in stretch cocoons which, as the press release puts it, reminds us of "waves, underwater creatures and hopping mummies," Zellerbach Auditorium, UC-Berk., 8 p.m., repeated Wednesday.

"Madame Satan," another Cecil B. DeMille musical, one scene: a party aboard a giant dirigible where passengers parachute into a Turkish bath, first in a series of the rise and development of the musical film at SF Museum of Art, Van Ness/McAllister, 7:30 p.m., \$1.

**A Woman," "The Tramp," two Chaplin films, Eureka Library, 3555-16th St., 558-4831, 7:30 p.m.

John Fahey, guitarist, "music is the only thing I know how to do well," Fahey said in an interview printed in Guitar Player Magazine, Boarding House, 960 Bush St., thru Sat., 441-4333.

"Maidstone," movie about film director/presidential candidate Norman Kingsley directed by film director/former NY mayoral candidate Norman Mailer, C. A.L. Films, UC Berk., 155 Dwinelle Hall, 642-0214, 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., \$1.25.

Isaac Stern, famed violin virtuoso, performs the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto, with SF Symphony, Opera House, 8:30 p.m. Call 626-8345 or 397-0717 for tickets.

"Totentanz," medieval frescos and morality plays showing figure of Death dancing with the populace were inspiration for choreographer Carlos Carvajal, electronic score by Warner Jepsen (also did score for Cockettes' movie), spectacular finale with flashing strobe lights and 30 dancers completely covered by a cloth, SF Ballet, Palace of Fine Arts, 8:30 p.m., repeated Thurs., call 397-0717 for tickets.

Sweetgrass, bluegrass group from New Mexico, Artichoke Joe's, 676 San Mateo Ave., San Bruno.

Public hearing on Southern Crossing, BCDC, Rm. 1194, State Bldg. 455 Golden Gate Ave., SF, 2 p.m.
Xoregos Dance Company, modern dance, excellent program of Stravinsky's Petrushka, Brahms' Waltzes, Poem, Turning and Soaring. Attic Theatre, 70 Union St., 8 p.m., \$3.50, students \$2.50, Thurs.-Sat.

*"Tauw," made in Chacal," a Chilean to see what films a non-European could make. College, Oakland, Calif. The Youngbloods (with the Zellerbach Auditorium), 8 p.m.

The Denny Zeitlin Band, electronic jazz, Folsom, Calif. Fine Arts Auditorium, 8 p.m., \$1.50

"The Pink Error," a pantomime, Parkland, Texas. Artaud, 8:30 p.m.

"Reefer Madness," marijuana attitudes revisited through films: "High School Confidential" starring Jerry Lee Lewis and Mamie Van Doren; an episode from TV series, "Dragnet;" and educational film, "The World of Weed," Palace Theatre, Columbus and Powell, midnights, \$2., Fri.-Sat.

"Stoneground," a fine local rock group featuring four superb women vocalists, each with a different voice, different style, Keystone Berkeley, 2119 University Ave. at Shattuck, Berk., 841-9903, Fri.-Sat.

"Sha Na Na," performs songs from the 1950s, Malo, Latin hard rock, Winterland, 8 p.m., Fri.-Sat.

"Snakes of the Bay Area," naturalists will meet with snake fans in the Nature Area, Tilden Park, 4 p.m.

"Bike For Life," fund raiser for Clean Environment Act Campaign Call People's Lobby, 864-0542 or 391-6307.

*"Kashia Men's Dances," film of Southwestern Pomo men's dances performed on the Kashia Reservation, Oak Museum, 10th and Oak Sts., 1 and 3 p.m.

Leontyne Price, famed soprano of opera world, SF Opera House, 8:30 p.m. Call Ex 7-0717 or HI 4-8575.

North Beach Revival, live rock and dancing, women get in free on Sundays, 1024 Kearny, 398-6414.

Guided walks through blooming wild flowers, Sunol Valley Regional Park, 1:30 p.m., every Sunday in April.

*Voter Registration Picnic, spons. by Shirley Chisholm campaign, catered soul food, music of Gidion and Power, and Afro-Latin Quintet, Lindley Meadow, Golden Gate Park, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Environmental Law Society battles KRON/KPIX/KGO/KTVU/ bloc over building of Mt. Sutro TV tower, the city's tallest, latest and most unnecessary ecological disaster, tentatively scheduled for 9:15 a.m., SF Superior Court, City Hall. Call Superior Court clerk to confirm.

"Parapsychology: Do You Believe?" telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and psychokinesis, Dr. Charles Tart lectures. First Unitarian Church, Franklin/Geary, 8 - 10 p.m.

"Relax You're Going To Enjoy This," taped direct from Bay Area massage parlors where KPFA found out and promises to pass on to you "who does what to whom," and related questions." KPFA, 94.1 FM, 8 p.m.

Barbara Spring wood sculpture exhibit: a bakery case of cakes and cookies, butcher shop counter, oversized Edam cheese and knife, naturalistic to symbolic, William Sawyer Gallery, 3045 Clay St. thru April.

"Man Ray and the Surreal in California," visionary artist, Oakes Gallery, Oakland Museum, 10th and Oak Sts., thru Apr. 16.

Folks, let's watch Roger Boas in action. Will he support a strong ordinance protecting SF consumers and establishing the city's first dept. of consumer affairs? Or will he buckle again to the interest of downtown business and the Better Business Bureau? Be there to cheer or hiss when Boas brings his proposal for a consumer agency before a public hearing before the Government Services Committee, Rm. 228, City Hall, 2 p.m. Summing up: It's Boas's proposal for a "tough" consumer agency, but it's under torpedo attack from the Better Business Bureau and at this writing it's been gutted by Boas and/or City Clerk Robert Dolan. Consumer attorneys are fighting to toughen Boas and the bill up simultaneously. The timing is crucial—Moretti's consumer aid bill in Sacramento will provide funds for counties to establish consumer protection agencies on a first come, first served basis.

"Flying Saucers ARE Real," Stanton T. Friedman, nuclear physicist who believes intelligently controlled vehicles from outer space visit the earth, will show slides of UFO pictures and other evidence to support his eclectic belief, Zellerbach Auditorium, UC-Berk., 8 p.m.

Northeastern SF residents: voice your views on building height and bulk in public meeting with City Planning Commission, (the commissioners are bored by these outings—keep them awake. Keep notes—the commission doesn't bother to keep any record). Norse Auditorium, 275 Hayes, 7 p.m.

"Viva La Huelga and The Interstellar Navigaros!" rebroadcast of the recent United Farmworkers benefit-poetry reading, includes poets: Philip Whelan, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, KPFA, 8 p.m.

Exhibition of photos, books and holographs from Hermann Hesse (Steppenwolfe, Demian) Archives, first west coast showing, SF State College Library, thru 21.

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By Vicki S

The Bay Guardian Selective Calendar is a biweekly list of events, also obscure doings in the Bay Area. The Calendar is a bulletin board or wrapping fish. Notify Vicki Sufian at 415-774-2222 of redeeming social significance. Deadline for next issue is 10 days thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us if you're interested.

FRI. 31

Protest the use of your taxes for killing in Vietnam at four-day fast and vigil, guerrilla theatre, SF Federal Bldg., starts at 11 a.m. but join in any time. Information available on tax refusal.

Concert Spirituel Electronique, modern adaptation of 18th century Parisian Lenten concerts, First Unitarian Church, 1 Lawson Rd., Kensington, 8:15 p.m.

"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," southern decadence a la Tennessee Williams, Elizabeth Taylor as Maggie the Cat, Burl Ives as Big Daddy, KRON, channel 4, 8:30 p.m.

SAT. 1

Biosonar Lab. tour: see sea otters, sea lions, noon, 1:30, 2:30 and 4 p.m. Trained sea lion shows (see them ring bells, clap flippers, etc.), Coyote Hills Regional Park, 1 p.m. and 3 p.m.

"The Environmental Vote," one-day seminar, Atty. Gary Near of anti-highrise fame denounces Southern Crossing, Ed Koupal touts Clean Environment Act which he authored, afternoon workshops include campaign techniques and precinct organizing for the politically militant. Cal. State, Hayward, 9:30 a.m.

WEEKEND

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"Loading Zone," rock group, dancing, North Beach Revival, 1024 Kearny St., Thurs.-Sat.

"Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, mellow rock, Boarding House, 960 Bush, 441-4333, Thurs.-Sat.

"King Kong," uncut version of famous gorilla who has difficulty adjusting to urban life, Telegraph Repertory Cinema, Cinema I, 2533 Telegraph Ave. 848-8650, 7:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m., Thurs.-Wed.

"Ivan The Terrible," parts 1 and 2, Eisenstein's epic classic with extraordinary dramatic photography, Merritt College in Oakland, 531-4911, 7 p.m., Fri. only.

Harvey Mandel, extraordinary guitarist, Keystone Berkeley, University & Shattuck, Berk., 841-9903, Thurs.-Sat.

FRI. 7

"Tauw," made in Senegal, "El Chacal," a Chilean film, a chance to see what films are coming out of non-European countries, Merritt College, Oakland, 7 p.m.

The Youngbloods, ("Get Together"), Zellerbach Aud., UC Berk., 8 p.m.

The Denny Zeitlin Trio, free-form electronic jazz, Foothill College, Fine Arts Auditorium, Los Altos, 8 p.m., \$1.50

"The Pink Error," music, dance, pantomime, Parking Lot, Project Artaud, 8:30 p.m., Fri.-Sat.

SAT. 8

Star Party: star gaze at dusk with an East Bay Park naturalist, in case of cloudy weather, party will be postponed till following Sat., Las Encinas Meadow, Sunol Valley Regional Park.

"Skill Shop," sponsored by NOW, workshops in: auto mechanic repair, (find out what goes on under the hood of a car so you can avoid extravagant "repairs" by mechanics), household electricity/plumbing, self defense (taught by a purple belt), women's legal rights (and wrongs), Lone Mt. College, register 9 a.m., \$10.

WEEKEND

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"Coastline in Crisis," sponsored by Janet Adams' Coastal Alliance. Seven buses to seven different spots along the Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties coastline. Choose your spot. Topics include: housing and coastal zone planning, coast-side freeway proposals, coastal pollution. Rep. Pete McCloskey heads afternoon panel discussion, Wilbur Jr. H.S., 480 East Meadow Dr., Palo Alto, \$5, students \$2.50. Advance reservations required, call 642-0341 or 851-7418. Sat. only.

"No One Man Show," B & B Experimental Theatre performs a new one-act comedy on a black ghetto theme, On Broadway Theatre, 435 Broadway, SF, Fri.-Sat., 8 p.m., Sun. 9 p.m., \$3, \$2.50, \$2.

AN LENDAR FOR ARCH 30 - PRIL 12

By Vicki Sufian

alendar is a biweekly listing of entertainment, cultural and political the Bay Area. The Calendar is suitable for framing, tacking up on a wall. Notify Vicki Sufian of demonstrations, openings, benefits, events. Deadline for next issue: April 7 and every other Friday. Call us if you're late.

Easter Sunday: Watch the life of Christ in your very own living room. "King of Kings," Cecil B. DeMille's 1927 silent film extravaganza, will take life again at 7 p.m. on Channel 44. Marvel at the miracles. Cheer as the moneychangers are driven from the Temple. Witness the Last Supper down to the last crumb. H.B. Warner as Christ, Joseph Schildkraut as Judas, Jacqueline Logan as Mary Magdalene, Sally Rand as her slave girl. No commercials, until just after the resurrection.

A new health food delicatessen: After renting a small store at 2486 Sacramento St., Paul Holzman questioned residents around Sacramento and Fillmore Streets to find out what they wanted the store to sell. Everyone wanted food. And food for every taste is what they got. Mostly a take-out place, the Brown Bag does have three seats which on sunny days are placed outside on the sidewalk. Biggest seller: Israeli tacos—Syrian bread filled with tomatoes, salami, ham, chopped nuts and parmesan cheese (a meatless variety for vegetarians), \$1.25. Another house special: Lime Juice Cordial (invented to go along with a London bought sign with that name), fresh lime juice and cranberry. Sandwiches mostly 75¢ include turkey and cranberry, liver sausage and egg, avocado-sprouts-tomato, all with a choice of carrot, celery or pickle spear. Top bargain: bagels (pumpernickel, plain, poppy seed), with cream cheese and bits of lox, 35¢. Extra special: you can get your bagels toasted, and for 15¢ more you'll get bacon bits, sprouts & other tasty bits for your sandwich. Monday-Friday, 7:30 a.m. - 6 p.m., Saturday, 8 a.m. - 4 p.m.

An anti-war teach-in in 1972? Seems incredible, but then so does Nixon's prosecution of the most massive bombing campaign in the history of

SUPER- LISTS!



Open Mike Nights (when anyone can play their musical instrument):

Boarding House, 960 Bush St., 441-4333. Monday, 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Celebrity Center, 2676 California St., 567-2330. Sunday. Poets also welcome. 8:30 p.m.

Family Pharmacy, 2801 California St., 567-3132, Monday, 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Mother Lode, 2001 Union St., 567-3132. Sunday by appointment; reserve early in the week.

Blue Unicorn, 1927 Hayes St., 752-3132. Every night. Alternate Wed. beg. March 15 are more organized. Weekdays, 12 - 12 p.m., Weekends, 12 - 2 a.m.

Drinking Gourd, 1898 Union St., 921-9943. Monday, 8:30 p.m.

Holy City Zoo, 408 Clement St., 752-2846. Thursday. Go early, begins at 8:30 p.m. Sign-up of 15 people.

Resh House, Tam Valley Junction behind the Tam Cleaners in Marin County. Wednesday and Thursday. Jam with the house musician. 8 p.m.

New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo, Berk., 525-2221. You fill out an application and after a month's wait become eligible to play Wednesday or Thursday. The wait is shorter if your group is unique.

City Lights Poets Theatre, 430 Mason, 788-4831. Jam with jazz musician Ayuda. Friday & Saturday. Midnight - 4 a.m.

Coffee Gallery, 1353 Grant. Janis Joplin started here. Sun., music; Mon. music, and audience participates in old time radio skits; Wed., poetry; Thurs., music; Tues., auditions for the weekend paid performance.

BEST BETS



the entire Indochina war. A military and civilian teach-in, sponsored by the Northern California Peace Action Coalition, to disseminate devastating facts about the escalation of the war, features Anthony Russo, co-defendant with Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers Conspiracy and former RAND social scientist in Vietnam; and Carol Feraci, the Ray Coniff chorus girl who held up a Stop the Killing sign at a White House banquet. Also speaking, an impressive lineup of experts: Banning Garrett, contributing editor on Asia for Ramparts who recently returned from North Vietnam; John Lewallen, author of "Ecology of Devastation: INDOCHINA"; and Sidney Slomich, former Army/RAND/SRI "think tank" researcher in Vietnam. Teach-in concludes with showing of the Automated Air War slide show (shows how technological advances in U.S. weaponry have escalated the war while enabling U.S. to withdraw troops.) First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St., SF, April 8, 12 noon - 5 p.m. For further information, call 864-0810. Free, but they need donations to continue anti-war movement.

Swimming fans: you've got to go to the East Bay to get early outdoor dips. Regular season opens June 12, but starting Mar. 25 six of the seven swimming spots will be open (this means a lifeguard is on duty) whenever the sun shines through the smog. Entry fees vary, 10¢-50¢; parking fees usually 75¢. Hours generally 11 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Contra Loma Regional Park, one mile south of Antioch: a lake.

Shadow Cliffs, eastern outskirts of Pleasanton: lake.

Lake Anza, Tilden Regional Park. Cull Canyon and Don Castro: both in Castro Valley area.

Roberts Regional Recreation Area: the only swimming pool.

Temescal Regional Recreation Area: usually the most crowded.

The renaissance comes to the Can-

nery: on a recent Saturday in the plaza area, four musicians played spirited Greek songs, a flute and guitar duo performed bossa nova music, a woman mime walked a tight rope. A remarkable harlequined juggler ate an apple as he juggled, then wiped his face on his sleeve without dropping a single ball. On any day, surrounding the stage are chairs which the audience can move as the sun shifts. When the hat is passed, you pay what you can afford, what the entertainer deserves or, in true renaissance spirit, you can throw your coins on the stage. Low-cost refreshments at the nearby red and blue canopied stand: hot dogs 50¢, beer 60¢, helps beat the high cost of meals inside the Cannery.



Take a walk through Michael Bry's "Sparkmobile" of arms, legs, hips. On exhibit at SF Museum of Art: Twenty black and white photo transparencies (each 60 inches by 20 inches) of a segmented nude figure (Sparky the model) hanging from the ceiling, spin as you walk through, forming "infinite image combinations," says photographer Bry. Thru May 7.

HITS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

By Michael Goodwin

MARCH 30-APRIL 1: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood" (dir. Akira Kurosawa) at the Surf Theater, Irving & 46th Ave., SF. This is a great double-bill. "Yojimbo" is the sardonic, fastmoving samurai movie on which Serge Leone based "A Fistful of Dollars." "Throne" is a magnificent reworking of "Macbeth."

APRIL 1-2: "The Big Sleep" (dir. Howard Hawks, from the novel by Raymond Chandler) at the Interplayers, Beach St. near Hyde, SF. This has got to be the definitive detective movie. Don't worry if you can't quite figure out this plot, director Hawks couldn't either.

When he had scriptwriter William Faulkner call up Chandler to find out who killed Owen (the chauffeur), Chandler was drunk and told Faulkner to figure it out for himself. You can try too. My guess, based on careful reading of the novel and the stories it was based on, is that Owen's murder is an unrelated coincidence—none of the suspects with motive have opportunity, and vice-versa.

Chandler goofed, and never went back to fix it. In any case, Bogart and Bacall are utterly magnificent. Don't dare miss it.

APRIL 5: "Flaming Creatures" (dir. Jack Smith) at the Pacific Film Archive, Berkeley. This film is perfectly indescribable. It's been an underground classic for years. It used to get busted a lot because of all the sex. Now it's Art. Ah well, it's still a lot of laughs.

APRIL 6-7: "Dawn Patrol" (dir. Howard Hawks) at the Interplayers. This is a rarely-shown film, and it's one of Hawks' best: a WW I flying movie, with biplanes, German flying aces and lots of action. I wish more people realized what a great filmmaker Hawks is.

APRIL 8-9: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (dir. Michael Curtiz, starring James Cagney) at the Interplayers. This is a musical with real class, and Cohan may be Cagney's finest role. If you only remember it vaguely, give yourself a treat and refresh your memory. If you've never see it...well, you really should, you know?



Hitchiker's guide

'Pack a plastic pint bottle with Scotch and tape a roll of breath mints to it.'

Continued from page 11

able. Letter with a black or bright-colored crayon.

It's a good idea to invest in a can of charcoal fixative (any art supply) to spray the face of the sign if rain is likely along your route. The fixative will protect the face from getting soggy and unreadable, but it's also a good rule to carry large plastic bags to cover your sign if the weather really takes a turn for the worse.

Use the sign as a tool. For long-distance hitchhiking, it will help you to avoid those short local rides and pull in the traveler driving your way. When I'm in the city, I work at a newspaper in San Rafael and must travel across the Golden Gate Bridge via 19th Ave. The first two mornings I made this trip, I stood at Lincoln and 19th for more than two hours.

Since then, each morning I have used a sign I had printed up in the San Rafael office and I've never waited longer than 10 minutes for a commuter crossing the bridge to spot me.

For a female hiker, sometimes it's best not to use a sign. She can then use the 'out' of always being able to say that she isn't going that way.

THE DRESS

I find the best way to dress for a trip on the road is to think negative. That is, look at a map, decide where the worst weather will be along your route, assume you will be stuck at that spot for three to five hours and dress for it.

Last December, on my way to Portland, I stood for about an hour in the middle of the night on the Interstate freeway in Oregon just north of Grant's Pass (it is legal to hitch on the freeways of Oregon). Standing an hour isn't bad at all ordinarily, but it was snowing.

I knew this might happen, so I dressed warmly, even though it got a little sweaty traveling through California. If I hadn't thought ahead, I would not have been able to stand in one spot.

And I would have missed the interesting pair who finally picked me up—a '72 T-Bird driven by a conservative-looking 40ish man; his passenger was a very old woman who must have been his mother. They were both dressed up for a wedding or funeral. They stopped for me because "nobody but the devil should be out in weather like this" and gave me a ride all the way to Portland.

TRAVEL LIGHT

It's surprising how little you really need and how free it feels when you're not lugged down with a lot of gear. I stay away from carrying a large pack whenever possible; it can be so bulky you might as well be hitching with another person for all the room it takes up in a car. I carry one change of clothes, many pairs of socks, a toothbrush, a good book, some paper and pens.

Packing food isn't a bad idea. Not only is it nice to have something to munch, it's good to have something to share with the fellow traveler met along the road. I suggest this in memory of some fine meals I've had

with many a friendly stranger who offered to share what he had.

Be aware that, although this food cache will probably not have to save your life, it should be more nourishing than 27 Baby Ruth bars. Repackage all foods in plastic bags to make your load less bulky.

A small hint for that cold winter night in the Oregon snow: pack a plastic pint bottle filled with your favorite cold weather liquid—I usually choose a medium-priced Scotch-Whiskey. Tape a roll of breath mints to the plastic bottle. There's no sense upsetting your future ride with the notion he's picked up some drunken hobo even if he has.

HITCHING AS AN ART

The advice thus far will get you a ride. I have given you the law, a place to stand, a nice sign, dressed you properly and given you the necessary items to carry. However, to enjoy hitchhiking enough to do it on a regular basis, you must now take this mode of transportation off the highway and plop it on a theatre stage for closer scrutiny.

At different times in a single day the hiker may be called upon to be an actor, an audience and a stage. So there is theory as well as technical skill to this art form. The question you most often ask yourself when first settling into a ride: does the driver want you to talk or not? Bring yourself to each situation. If the guy seems to be a Silent Sam, then just relax and enjoy the vacation without having to engage in "meaningful" conversation. If the driver seems friendly, but with nothing particular on his mind, and you feel like talking—then talk.

Never imagine silence as pressure that must be relieved by conversation. Relax.

So you find yourself sitting in the front seat with this traveling salesman who's rapping a mile a minute about why Fords are far better, dollar for dollar, than Oldsmobiles and you don't know a thing about the subject and couldn't give a damn anyway. You can just sit there nodding occasionally with your eyes staring straight out the

front windshield. This is coping, all right, but it will get to be a drag after the fifth or sixth time.

This isn't a free ride. . . the hitchhiker should appreciate the Samaritan who gives him the lift by helping to make his day a little more enjoyable.

You are bound to meet a lot of dope and booze on the highway. Most cars I get into have something either to smoke or drink in them. This is the time to look ahead a little bit. If the ride is a long one, taking you close to your destination, then by all means, enjoy yourself with whatever is offered. However, if the ride is just a short help on your way, be careful of what you consume.

The smell of wine or beer is noticeable to one who has not been indulging. You may have a great time in one car, then get picked up by someone as straight as an arrow who does not appreciate your happy attitude.

Dope smoking should be done with discretion, although it cannot be detected as readily. I find it much easier to relate to people, especially strangers, when I'm not loaded. If I do get carried away, and find myself let out on the highway feeling pretty smokey, I usually will walk a ways just enjoying what's ever around, instead of plugging back into it right away with my thumb.

Remember, you are visiting a stranger's 60 m.p.h. living room. It is a social situation in the here and now; you can classify it as a means to an end only secondarily. You will be picked up by every kind of human being imaginable. Some will be very easy company and rapport will flow naturally. Others will be types that just do not jibe with your own personal tastes.

As one hitchhiker, you represent all hitchhikers. What you project to your driver may result in that person making it a habit to pick people up or not—remember the rest of us. We are all standing on the same curb; a continuous line of people offering good company to anyone caught behind the wheel. Travel wise. Travel happy.



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MUSIC

Singers of the American Dream— Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan and now —John Prine

By Alec Dubro

A few years ago, at the time of the raging street battles, a friend told me something I've never forgotten. He said the purpose of the street battles, besides just general rage, was to get some people to actually do something and feel something.

All Americans, radicals included, could no longer tell what was real. Media had taken the place of reality. What most gravely stood between the people of the U.S. and any sort of meaningful political change was America's "abundance of cheap dreams."

Sometimes people come along who can see through the dream without despairing, and give that vision to others. They come to the public eye as artists or writers, poets or photographers. Or singers and songwriters. Like John Prine. Some American dreams are clearer, crueller and cheaper than others. And John Prine spills out a can of these. One after another. With a style that can make you feel genuine sorrow for the lost people of America.

John Prine is 25 years old and comes from Chicago. "John Prine" (Atlantic SD 8296) is his first album and it's truly the find of the year. Kris Kristofferson heard him playing in Chicago and quickly rushed him into a recording contract and an album. Surprisingly, it was done right.

Prine comes from that line of American singers that surfaced with Woody Guthrie. When Guthrie's voice was stilled, first Jack Elliot and then Bob Dylan picked up the flag. (When Guthrie first heard Dylan he reportedly said, "He sounds more like me than I do.") Prine follows Dylan, although Bob is not yet finished.

And Prine sounds a good deal like Dylan. It would be easy, and normal enough, to brand Prine a Dylan imitator. And, to some extent, he undoubtedly is. It would be foolish to think that Prine, or any

folk singer of 25 years, would not be heavily influenced by Dylan.

To follow in a style, however, isn't the same as being an imitator. Prine's vision is often closer to Guthrie's matter-of-fact storytelling than to Dylan's parables. This is not to compare: Dylan's music told his story, and Prine tells his own.

Prine does let his words run freely at times, but mostly he is a balladeer. In none of the 12 songs on "John Prine" are the words in any way obscured by the sound of the music or by unintelligibility. As far as I know, until he made this record, Prine always sang solo. Just him and a guitar.

On many of the cuts on this album, a Nashville-style backup is provided. Prine said that he wanted it so that his music could reach the people who just listen to country music. Whatever the motives of Prine or his producer, Arif Mardin, the sound of the album is letter perfect.

Twelve short stories, most of them about dreams and all of those about dreams broken, dreams betrayed or dreams hanging pathetically on. Prine deftly blends the pathos of the scenes captured with a measure of irony, sometimes bitter, but never excessive. And it's the irony that transforms a simply squalid picture into a statement. Like Dorothea Lange's photos of the dustbowl. Or the plays of Tennessee Williams. Or the songs of Woody Guthrie.

And yet, like Guthrie, some of his songs are genuinely funny. A couple could be called light, but none are without a sting of some kind and none could be called trivial.

In a type of irony, Prine takes us back to his parents' home in western Kentucky. And sings about it in a rolling Carter Family style song called "Paradise." It's a place of his boyhood that he often recalls: "So many times that the memories are worn." But, the times have changed from when the Carter Family, or even Woody Guthrie, sang. Then only the people were suffering. Now, he describes the forests and then says:

"Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and
stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the
land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the
progress of man."

And then, in an all-too-accurate parody of the "take me home" kind of song, his chorus goes:

"And daddy won't you take me back
to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay

Well I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking

Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away."

And that, I'm afraid, is where one American Dream is at.

My own favorite Prine song is one that deals, beautifully, with a subject that youth culture-dominated music never seems to turn to—old age. Before this, Gordon Lightfoot's "Home From The Forest" was the best contemporary folk song about old age I had heard. Then I heard Prine's "Hello In There."

What makes this song so utterly moving is the spare outline that Prine gives to the lives of two old people, told by the man. There is no irony in this song, only the despair of two abandoned to live it out. It opens with some very fine slow finger-picking, and is



joined on the chorus by a pure-sounding pedal steel. And Prine just plain delivers it:

"We had an apartment in the city
And me and Loretta liked living there
It'd been years since the kids had
grown
A life of their own
And left us alone

John and Linda live in Omaha
And Joe is somewhere on the road
We lost Davy in the Korean War
I still don't know what for
Don't matter anymore

Ya know that old trees just grow
stronger
And old rivers grow wilder every day
Old people just grow lonesome
Waiting for someone to say
Hello in there
Hello."

Face lifts, cosmetics, transplants and diversions, if you can afford them, can't last forever. And, sooner or later, the dream is over and the emptiness of life glares all too vividly as death approaches.

Joan Baez sang "Hello In There" the last time she sang here. She said she had no idea how a man of 25 could write a

song like that. Maybe Prine knows that he, too, will die.

But what John Prine sees, through the cracks in the dreams, doesn't have to be bitter. It can be just plainly absurd. Prine handles this nearly as well as Dylan did in his grotesquely funny songs. Prine does more editing though; his songs are leaner and not as obscure. They sport a beautiful silliness that seems to contrast strangely with his darker songs, but they're just two sides of the same coin.

Take the cut that the radio stations (FM, that is) were playing for a while. Entitled, "Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore," it's superficially country, but more like Dylan's "John Birch Society Blues." Its message isn't new, but the better it can be told, the better off we are.

"While digesting Reader's Digest in the back of the dirty book store
A plastic flag with gum on the back
fell out on the floor
Well I picked it up and I ran outside
and slapped it on my windshield
And if I could see old Betsy Ross
I'd tell her how good I feel."

But, is Prine content to leave our shmuck running around with his flag? No, he has to tell him why he's a fool: "But your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little war
And Jesus don't like killing no matter what the reason's for
And your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore."

The plastic patriot comes to a no-good end. Alas, his flags keep him from seeing out his "windshield" and he hits a tree. But, it's not just funny—in case you didn't notice. Does a free slice of plastic mean love of country? Or is someone again being fooled?

I could go on telling you about Prine's stories. About Sam Stone, who came back from Nam "With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back." About John's "Illegal Smile." Or his "Flash-back Blues." But, I think you'd better listen to him, not to me. Because they're songs, not just stories. And because Prine is a fine singer as well as a songwriter.

There's a lot of sadness in this country. And a lot of bleak lives. A revolution, if it's real, isn't the importation of some dogma, and it isn't replacing one head of power with another. I'm not sure what it is. But, it starts with taking a long, reflective look behind the dreams. John Prine did. Listen to him, then take your own look.



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THEATRE

The Crust Instant Theatre collapses —a fascinating evening, but what's the encore?

By Frederic Stout

Crust Instant Theatre (2566 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, 843-5499)
Beast Street Theatre

It has long been my firm conviction that you can consistently find the best theatre in the Bay Area among small experimental groups that pop up at every turn. Even at their worst, such underground shows are no more disheartening than the average ACT production, and they are definitely cheaper.

I recently witnessed two theatrical events which, though they did not exactly move me to catharsis, nonetheless refreshed my hopes for the possibilities of a new concept of theatre. One was a fascinating disaster on the opening night of the Crust Instant Theatre, an "experimental improvisational repertory" ensemble that works out of C.J.'s Old Garage.

The other was a performance of Henry Piccioto's Beast Street Theatre on the sidewalk in front of San Francisco City Hall. The performance took place during the noon recess of the recently concluded trial of a group of Vietnam veterans accused of criminal trespass, a charge arising from a demonstration at the South Vietnamese Consulate.

The Crust Instant Theatre consists of four actors and director Remi Aubuchon. The motivating idea behind the group is free-form improvisation and audience involvement-participation.

Future performances of Crust cannot be recommended. Indeed, after the open-

ing night debacle, it is highly doubtful that Crust continues to exist as a functioning group; for what happened on the stage of C.J.'s Old Garage was nothing less than the auto-destruction of a theatrical company. It wasn't art, but once-in-a-lifetime, never-to-be-forgotten reality.

Here's what happened. Perhaps 15 people, including two reviewers and about half a dozen friends of the director, showed up for the show which was about 30 minutes late getting started. Once begun, the ensemble of four players dressed in jeans and T-shirts proceeded to writhe about on the stage, mumbling incoherently.

After about 40 minutes, it was obvious that all of us, actors included, were bored out of our wits.

Several people walked out, the Barb reporter conspicuously took photographs of potted plants and two young men occasionally interrupted their game of cat's cradle to gratuitously offer the actors their opinion that the show was a complete drag.



Drawing: Louis Dunn

The door to the theatre opened and in walked a guy dressed in riding boots, jodhpurs, tweed jacket and ascot tie. Rapping for attention with his cane, he strode onto the stage and demanded to know what the hell was going on. As it soon developed, the newcomer was one of the actors who had unilaterally decided not to show up for opening night.

At first I assumed that the late arrival was all a part of the planned action, but the hostility and despair of the other actors were clearly too real to be feigned. The show collapsed, but out of the collapse arose something quite fascinating. The actors, and what remained of the

audience, engaged for the next hour in intense discussion on topics ranging from the need for discipline and group loyalty to the nature of the theatrical experience.

The lesson in what happened is that ultimately theatre can exist only as a planned and disciplined action and that improvisation is an important theatrical technique, but one which spells disaster when elevated to the point of becoming the raison d'être of the theatrical enterprise itself.

Vastly different from Crust was the guerrilla action that the Beast Street Theatre pulled off at City Hall. Henry Piccioto, a communist and revolutionary, makes the street his stage and aggressively carries his political ideas to the people by creating an instant audience of noon-time sidewalk passers-by. His work resembles the Union Square mime of Robert Shields and the theatre-in-the-parks approach of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and the East Bay Sharks.

Piccioto sees theatre as a process by which artists communicate ideas to an audience, ideas which can either serve or attack the hegemonic world-view of the American ruling class.

Working under the worst possible conditions, Piccioto's group exhibited tremendous ingenuity and imagination. Characters wearing pig masks were interchangeable Pentagon generals and police officers. Prop after prop was pulled out of an oversized suitcase, including a box of Kellogg's Rice Krispies representing the rice harvest of the Vietnamese Delta.

As if on cue, the performance was interrupted by two police officers who harassed the performers and made them continue their show across the street in the park. An appreciative audience, made up in part of Vietnam veterans attending the trial inside City Hall, took it all in.

The cops made the connections Piccioto was trying to demonstrate all the more clear.

For all its unprofessional crudity and rag-tag appearance, the political street theatre of the Beast company exemplifies the relevance and liveliness of experimental theatre at its best.

Look for them on your local campus. Beast provides no schedules of performances. In the tradition of guerrilla theatre, it strikes anywhere, anytime.



FILMS

"Le Boucher"—good art is by definition entertaining

By Michael Goodwin

"Le Boucher" (Larkin Theatre)
"The Hot Rock" (Regency I)
"Cabaret" (Northpoint)

In search of entertainment (not significance, not style, certainly not art—just entertainment) we went forth into the world. We saw "The Hot Rock," "The Last Run" and "Cabaret," each and every one a fully-guaranteed Hollywood entertainment package. And we were not amused.

Then we saw "Le Boucher," Claude Chabrol's complex murder mystery cum Hitchcock homage. It's being promoted as an Art Film, but it turns out to be thoroughly gripping entertainment from first frame to fadeout.

Which just goes to prove Goodwin's First Law: Good art is, by definition, entertaining. (The converse is just as true, by the way: If it isn't entertaining, it isn't good art.) In any case, "Le Boucher" is perfectly brilliant in every respect: at once the most complex and the most touching of Chabrol's films. It's a joy to watch.

Although there is much in "Le Boucher" that comes from Hitchcock (such as the element of suspense surrounding the heroine's survival, and the identification between the "good" teacher and the "evil" murderer), Chabrol is very much his own man, and the film isn't really much like a Hitchcock film at all.

For one thing, Hitchcock works basically with montage. He uses mostly short

Continued next page

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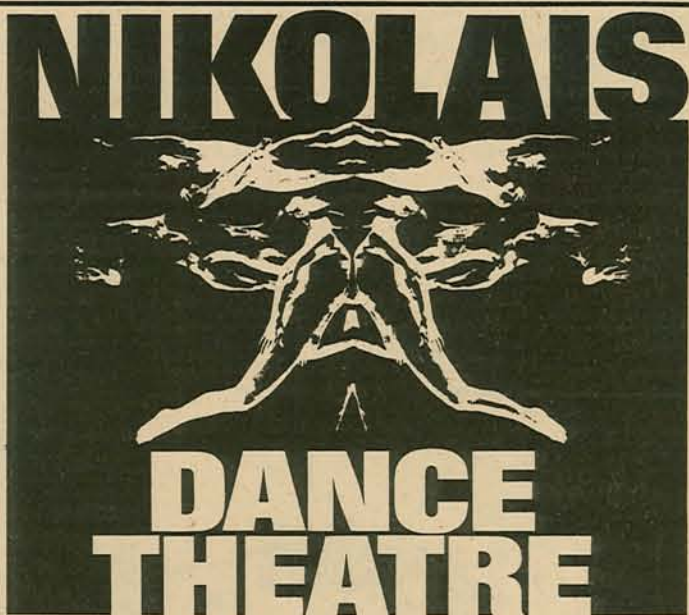
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Continued from previous page shots and quick cuts, and the power inherent in his films stems from the way these shots are assembled. Chabrol, on the other hand, works with extremely long takes—a risky business, considering that if even one actor blows it even once, the entire shot must be retaken. But his gamble pays off, because not only don't the actors blow it, but the interplay between them is made intensely believable by the playing of these crucial scenes in real-time.

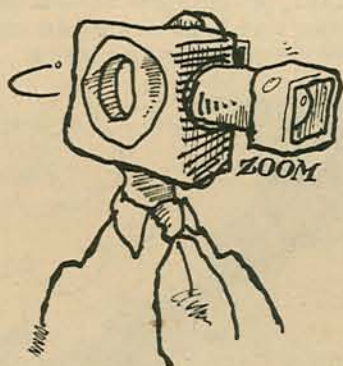
The long takes have another function too: They preserve the classical unity of space. One incredible tracking shot takes the teacher and the butcher from a wedding party, through the streets of the town, to the teacher's school. There is no manipulation here, no fakery. Chabrol gives us a clear spatial reference against which to perceive the drama, and as a result the insularity of the characters and their lives comes across with stunning impact.

Chabrol's mastery of cinematic technique is never employed for show. Every fluid camera movement has a function, emotional or expository. At the wedding party the camera starts in a close-up of the teacher, and pulls back into a long shot of the room, ostensibly to show a guest singing at the far end. But in the middle of the song, the camera begins to dolly slowly to the right—a movement which is slightly disturbing, even sinister, because such a camera move usually signals: "something is about to happen."

But all that happens is that the camera comes back in for another close-up of the teacher, except this time, because the camera has moved to the side, the close-up becomes a two-shot and includes the butcher as well. The shot suggests that indeed something is happening, something strange, but it's just beneath the surface, or lurking outside the frame line.

While "Le Boucher's" subtly disquieting mise-en-scene grows out of Chabrol's technique, it's immeasurably aided by superb performances on the parts of Stephane Audran as the teacher and Jean Yanne as the butcher. The nuances of their relationship give the film a psycho-

logical complexity that utterly transcends the "thriller" genre from which it takes its structure.



Here, again, we can see Chabrol and Hitchcock parting company. Although Hitchcock has delved, at times, into these dark byways of criminal psychology ("Shadow of a Doubt" comes to mind immediately, as does "Suspicion"), he always ties up the loose ends—he explains everything. Chabrol, on the other hand, only suggests—and leaves it to us to solve the puzzle.

As the film progresses, we begin to suspect that, somehow, the teacher is the catalyst for the murders—and that her repressed sexuality (she has been celibate since an unhappy affair years before) is connected with them too. Yet the only real evidence Chabrol gives us is a long, very sexual kiss between the teacher and the murderer. If we care to extrapolate from that, Chabrol certainly won't stop us. But he's not giving anything away either. Different viewers, I suspect, will see very different films in "Le Boucher."

Finally, though, the most wonderful thing about "Le Boucher" is its consistently high level of entertainment. Unlike so many films whose curves of interest rise to scenes of violence or action, only to fall off immediately thereafter, "Le Boucher's" doesn't fall off at all.

Not that it's packed with violence. In fact, it's worth noting that in this film about sex and violence, there's no sex, and all the violence takes place off-camera. But Chabrol has many more options open to him, and there's always something interesting to watch, or listen to, or think about. I don't know the official

running time of the film, but it seemed like half an hour.

"The Hot Rock," directed by Peter Yates, is being advertised as a caper film, but that's not really the case. A caper has to be at least minimally believable to be exciting, and "Hot Rock" is about as believable as Richard Nixon. It's closer to some kind of fantasy, a James Bond spinoff with crooks instead of cops as the heroes. It's got lots of production values, shiny hardware and some excellent helicopter footage of Manhattan, but once you get tired of that stuff (which took me about 15 minutes) the film doesn't have much else to offer. It's neither particularly exciting nor particularly funny; it comes off much like a good TV situation comedy.

Although "The Last Run," directed by Richard Fleischer and starring George C. Scott, seems like a good idea for a film, it never quite comes together. Still, it is a fairly pure genre film, and those are rare commodities these days. Scott plays an embittered, middle-aged guy who used to drive getaway cars. For nine years he's gone straight, but finally he sees that driving had given a meaning to his life that he still needs very badly. So he gets himself hired for a job, and out he goes on... the last run. He drives well, and regains the self-respect he had lost, but in the end he's killed. Good old existential drama, there's nothing like it.

Unfortunately, Scott has to hold the film together and he gives only a mediocre performance. The rest of the cast does even worse, and there's no heart to the film. Bogart might have pulled it off, but Scott just seems tired.

As for "Cabaret," it's supposed to be about decadence, right? I can get off on decadence as well as the next guy, but "Cabaret" isn't nearly as decadent as, say, Los Angeles 1972. As a result, the characters in "Cabaret" come off like children trying to be wicked, but not quite knowing how.

The height of the decadence comes in a scene where Michael York admits to Liza Minnelli that he's been sleeping with her outside lover too. Horror! Except...

uh... so what? Maybe some guy in Kansas is going to get upset, but it seems like an awfully minor point on which to pivot the plot.

To make matters worse, Liza Minnelli plays Sally Bowles like a precocious teenager on an extended senior-prom weekend. A woman of the world? Well, think about Lotte Lenya for a couple of seconds, and then think about Liza Minnelli. To be perfectly fair to Ms. Minnelli, it should be noted that "Cabaret" is based on an old play, "I Am A Camera," and it's possible that the character of Sally Bowles may have aged badly over the years. Times and styles do change. Either way, though, Liza doesn't cut it.

"Cabaret" has taken its style and tone from Brecht and Weill—a theft that works against the film, in the end, because Brecht and Weill did it so much better. "Cabaret" grunts and puffs and flaunts its evil: "Money makes the world go round," but Brecht's song from Mahagonny slips the knife in easier and deeper: "Money makes sexiness." Similarly, Brecht staged the first production of "Mahagonny" in a boxing ring, making us see the ring as a bitter metaphor for the capitalist world. There's a boxing ring in "Cabaret" too, but all that happens in it is two women have a wrestling match while Joel Grey squirts them with seltzer—a scene much closer to Howdy Doody than "Mahagonny."

Bob Fosse directs "Cabaret" with a heavy hand. The editing is clumsy, and the cinematography is unimaginative. Cutting to a big close-up of feet in the middle of a dance sequence (and out of rhythm, at that) is a typical Fosse device. The dancing isn't much to write home about either; it's on a par with the June Taylor Dancers on the Jackie Gleason Show. Liza Minnelli is the best dancer in the film, and that about says it.

Although "Cabaret" is designed to project the bittersweet ambience of a Brecht/Weill production, it delivers the look without the substance. There was a faint, but unmistakable smell of death in "Mahagonny;" the only smell in "Cabaret" is underarm deodorant.



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BOOKS

It's a novel, it's a bunch of footnotes, it's still growing—and it's fun to read

By Ed Ward

"An Anecdoted Topography of Chance" by Daniel Spoerri. 214 pp., *Something Else Press*: 276 Park Avenue South, N.Y. 10010

It's a novel. It's a bunch of footnotes. It's an in joke. It's a work of art. It's an anecdoted topography of chance, and it's a lot of fun to read.

One day, Daniel Spoerri, a Roumanian-born, avant-garde artist (or something like that) looked down at the crap all over the table where he eats, works and stores stuff, and decided that he'd take a huge sheet of tracing paper, outline on it the position of everything on the table, number each item and then take each item, one by one, and see what it evoked.

It took a couple of bottles of Vin des Rochers, but he did it. Later, he added footnotes. Then he handed it over to Emmett Williams, an American friend of his, to be translated. Williams, in turn, added footnotes of his own, and saw to it that it got published. Later, Spoerri and Williams added more notes, indices and so on, and despite Spoerri's oft-repeated wish to stop thinking about the Topography, it continues to grow.

It's a little hard to say why this book is so fascinating, but it undeniably is. Perhaps because it actually can be approached like a novel. Unless, of course, you are a member of the international self-proclaimed avant-garde who figure heavily in the book and Spoerri's life.

Bits and pieces of him and numerous other people start coming through as you get deeper and deeper into the book. With the references constantly folding back into themselves, you realize suddenly that you are in possession of several facts about Spoerri that don't quite make a whole, sort of like the feeling of putting together a jigsaw to the point where you know it's a picture of something, but you can't quite tell of what.

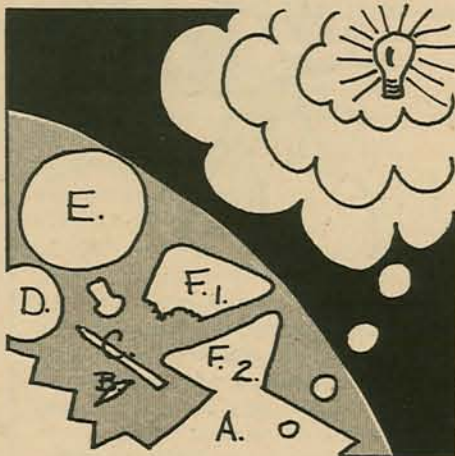
Tiny vignettes of Paris life come through, too. For instance, do you know why Vin des Rochers stopped using transparent plastic stoppers and replaced them with tri-color ones? Spoerri suggests that it might be because people were trying to pour the wine without taking the stopper out, but there are other reasons, too.

The most amazing thing about the core of the book (as opposed to the additions) is the incredible number of associations for every object on the table. You'd think Spoerri would stretch the point too often to make it work, but, well, look around you and pick up some object and see for yourself.

While typing that sentence, I looked over at a can of pipe tobacco near the typewriter and was reminded of 1a) how hard it is to find this particular brand; 1b) which led to a story I often tell about a tobacconist in Princeton who refused to order any for me; 2) the fact that I haven't smoked a pipe in awhile, and the reasons behind it; 3) the tin is almost empty, which has something to do with

wondering why I keep it here on my desk, especially since it must be staler than hell...

I could expand this into a nice little topography myself, the way the associations keep expanding as I get into it.



(Why, I just realized that this little plastic thing I've been fiddling with came with a cigarette lighter I bought in that same tobacconist's—I broke the lighter years ago, so what's it doing here?)

Lest I get carried away, back to Spoerri. All the detail leads up to a fascinating whole; since the greater part of everything Spoerri does in his apartment, he does on this blue table. His life is Paris-Bohemian-artist enough to be interesting, but by far the most interesting thing is the process of discovery the reader participates in.

By selectively reading or not reading Spoerri's notes, Williams' notes, Topor's notes on the illustrations (he drew pictures of each object, although he hadn't seen them, so there are discrepancies duly noted) or the index (which lists each and every proper name in the book,

from the Virgin Mary to Vera Spoerri), the reader can choose a depth of involvement (for instance, I read all the notes, scanned the index and scanned the appendices) and stick with it. And depending on one's interest in Spoerri the artist and the other artists he hangs out with, one can go into the appendices the same way.

For instance, there is an Anecdoted Topography of Order (the blue table on another day), a Topographical Reconstruction of a Criminal Act (smoking a little dope on the blue table), which might be a good place to start to learn the technique used in the main Topography, and a Topographic Relief Index, which lists the height of every one of the objects.

Of course, like the rest of the art world these days, Spoerri's world is a trifle inbred, and the reader may not find some of the people and events in it too fascinating. Some people might contend that these people are just living a ripoff of Dada, and others might just shake their hands in incomprehension. Be that as it may, the Topography has a fascination hard to dismiss.

Anybody seriously interested in avant-garde writing should look into it, but that's not to say that the general reader would be put off by it. No, I'd say that I'd unhesitatingly recommend this book to anybody who, when visiting other people's houses, looks in the bookshelves and pokes around on the coffee table. It's that kind of a book, too.

Drawing: Marion Bulin

NEXT ISSUE

Wilbur Wood in Montana,
Orinda & Mexico
Jess Ridder on East Bay Blues



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FOOD

Where to find medisterpols, pinkelring and 103 other ethnic sausages

By Alan Wofsy

Sausage follows the tribes wherever they may roam. Almost every ethnic group in the Bay Area can claim local production of a sausage or prepared meat which came from the Old Country.

A sausage is meat that is cured and preserved in a casing. Until recently, casings were the innards, bladders, bungs and intestines of cows, sheep and pigs. Now most sausages are made in artificial casings, such as cellophane. Meat cures better in a natural casing, and therefore has more flavor.

The quality of a sausage is determined by the quality of the meat, other ingredients and the skill of the sausage maker. A cheap sausage will contain poorer, fattier cuts of meat, added water and extenders such as cereal or non-fat dry milk, and artificial flavorings rather than natural spices. By law, the ingredients of each sausage must be shown in order of decreasing proportion.

Italian

The most popular sausages in the Bay Area are Italian dry salamis. The temperate Bay climate, closely resembling that of Northern Italy, has made this area the principal producer of Italian sausages in the USA.

Since the Italian dry sausage producers are geared to wholesale distribution, few sell on the premises. They compete with each other for distribution in the supermarket chains, and artificial casings and non-meat fillers are relied on to cut costs—and quality.

The only company which does not add non-fat dry milk to its sausages is Buon Gusto, though it uses artificial casings. The other majors (Molinari, Gallo and Capri) still use some natural casings

for their more discriminating Old World customers.

The only Italian sausage makers who retail on the premises are smaller concerns specializing in fresh sausages. These include:

Iacopi, 1460 Grant, SF. Link and extra long sausages, sold both fresh and air-dried.
Little City Market, 1400 Stockton, SF. Fresh Sicilian-style veal and pork links.
Badalamente, 352 Willow, San Jose. Fresh and mild pepper links.
New York Style, 1109 El Camino Real, Sunnyvale. Three kinds of fresh all-pork sausages: hot pepper, anise and plain.

German

Melrose Meat Market, 5133 E. 14th St., Oakland. A complete line of wurst, headed by several varieties of liver sausage. Dried sausages are landjaeger, Holsteiner and summer sausage, in many shapes and sizes. Some specialty items are onion ring (pork and onions), pinkelring (pork and steel-cut oats) and Westphalian-style ham.

Saag's, 550 William St., Oakland. Another fine wurst maker producing both German and Swiss-style sausages. Dry sausages include all-beef Thuringer, German-style salami (cervelat) and landjaeger. Fresh items are Swiss-style bockwurst and bratwurst, made of veal, pork, fresh milk and eggs.

Franz, 400 S. San Antonio, Mountain View. Makes small sausages such as bratwurst (veal and pork), fresh links and Polish sausage.

Quality Smoke House, San Carlos & 5th, Carmel. Fine sausages headed by its Lebanon bologna.

Barker's, 3695 Petaluma Blvd. North, Petaluma. Bratwurst.

Dick's, 4115 Gravenstein Highway South, Sebastopol. Breakfast sausage, pork liver sausage and pastrami, all smoked over oak and apple logs.

Portuguese

Santos, 1746 Washington Ave., San Leandro. The only Portuguese shop which uses neither extenders nor chemical curing agents—its linguisa (a cured and smoked pork sausage) is the best in the Bay Area. Also produces morcella, a blood sausage.

A. Gomes, 8151 E. 14th St., Oakland. Uses no extenders in its linguisa. Also makes morcella.

Moniz, 1924 E. 14th St. Oakland. Linguisa and morcella.

Silva, 271 N. 27th St., San Jose. Linguisa with a chorizo-like flavor.

Mexican

La Victoria, 2937 24th St., SF. Fine-ground chorizos.

La Cumbre, 515 Valencia, SF. Mexican-style prepared meats such as chicharones (fried pork skins), patas de puerco (pigs' feet) and menudo (tripe).



La Palma Market, 2884 24th St., SF. Fine-ground chorizos.

El Azteca, 1858 W. San Carlos, San Jose. The only specialist in Mexican-style sausages, principally coarse-ground chorizos.

Union City Bakery, 33455 7th St., Union City. Prepared menudo (tripe).

Chinese

Kwong Jow, 1157 Grant, SF. Lop cheong (a rich, semi-dry pork sausage prepared with alcohol) and opp gon cheong (duck liver and pork).

Hop Yick, 1147 Grant, SF. Lop cheong, opp gon cheong, lop yok (bacon) and fo cheong (BBQ pork).

Hop Sang, 1199 Stockton, SF. Lop cheong, lau yok (beef sausage) and lop yok.

Chung Fat, 921 Grant, SF. Lop cheong and opp gon cheong.

Junior Co., 1250 Mason, SF. Go yak gon (honey-dried beef jerky).

Southern/Black

Leonard's, 1423 Fillmore, SF. Ribs, hot beef links.

Sultan's, 270 Divisadero, SF. Ribs and links.

Kansas City, 1937 Haight, SF. Slab of ribs and links.

B's Fish & Chips, 701 Randolph, SF. Homemade beef links, ribs and tips.

L. Charles, 2800 Cutting Blvd., Richmond. Beef links cooked over oak logs. Elegant Platter, 2900 Cutting Blvd., Richmond. Beef links cooked over charcoal.

Rock & Fann, 3124 Shattuck, Berkeley. Pork links, ribs and tips cooked over oak logs.

Uncle Bud's, 8506 E. 14th St., Oakland. Beef links, pigs' feet, ribs.

George & Rose, 1960 Broadway, Vallejo. Ribs and links.

Soul Food Kitchen, 2371 University, E. Palo Alto. Ribs, links, chitterlings, pigs' feet and ears, ham hocks.

Jewish

Regina's, 2305 Irving, SF. Chopped chicken liver and gala (gelatin of cow's leg).

Harry Cohen's, 2435 Noriega, SF. Corned beef and pickled tongue.

Chicago Deli, 338 12th St., Oakland. Chopped chicken liver.

Willow Glen Meat, 1185 Lincoln Ave., San Jose. Corned beef and pickled tongue.

American

Frank's, 3106 Union St., Oakland. Dry cured bacon and ham, smoked turkey, tongue and beef jerkey.

Old Farm, 700 Welch Rd., Palo Alto. Corned beef brisket and smoked meats.

Roberts, 1030 Bryant, SF. Corned beef, tongue, pastrami.

Scandinavian

Nordic House, 3421 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. Danish rullpols (lamb, pork and spices in strips), medisterpols (fresh pork sausage), Swedish pork, potato sausage, beef liver pate.

Norse Cove, 434 Castro St., SF. Beef liver pate.

French

Marcel & Henri, 2000 Hyde, SF. Fresh pork sausage, pork liver pate, chicken liver pate, head cheese, blood sausage.

Russian

Irving Delicatessen, 1936 Irving, SF. Kilbasa, a fresh all-pork Ukrainian sausage.

English

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POLITICS

LORENZO MILAM

The eagle & the fox —Strange tales from San Jose City College

I wonder if they still talk about it in Santa Rosa. I mean that hot summer, back in 1936, when the guys were paid by the Grace Brothers Brewery to jump that crazy union organizer. And they did: all those strange 1930's traditions: tar and feathers, knock him around until he kisses the flag.

It was a mess. He did kiss the flag, but not until they had completely knocked him out. They have pictures of him—looking funny and black and unearthly (did they want to make black birds out of him before they knocked him senseless?).

It was a mess. And it worked: Jack Green got the hell out of Santa Rosa, took the wife and the two boys down to San Francisco. Where it was safe. Where he could spend the rest of his days painting signs 15 stories up, and not have to worry about those 45 rowdies paid a few bucks to beat him up.

The diaspora. The seeds of Jack Green turn up in another place, in another context. Far more genteel. Far more civilized. A college campus. Filled with gentlemen, and scholars. Yes?

Maybe. George Green, Jack Green's son, teaches English at San Jose City College. Not San Jose State, knucklehead. San Jose City—with its own set of administrators, 7,000 day students, 7,000 night students, 225 teachers and a \$12 million annual budget. Which is, in this story, the thorn, the prick. And George Green sees his job as kicking against the pricks—just like the old man.

He also has the job—for which he is paid—of teaching English. Teaching grammar and reading, really. To all those housewives and Viet Nam veterans and fruit-pickers and wretched high school students who don't have the grades or the credits or the money to do San Jose State College. It can be a very depressing business.

When he's not doing that—and hell-raising—George Green is designing houses for him to build and for him and his wife

and kids to live in. Or, as well, designing garbage cans. I mean he told the administration at City College that their garbage cans weren't for shit—and he hustled down to the maintenance shop in his tie and everything and got together with the custodians down there and built 90 or so redwood garbage receptacles for the college. The custodial staff thinks that George Green is a gas.

Which ain't exactly the opinion of those in the English Department and the administration and the Board of Trustees who have had to put up with George Green for 14 years. Because he's doing something different. Let's see if I can describe it to you.

(I wish instead, of course, that I could deliver George Green up to you personally. So you could drink a beer with him and he could tell you about the "liberal-fascists" and old Otto Roemmich the Superintendent/President of City College—and how absolutely pissed to the eyeballs George gets at the way they are wasting our money, your money, my money, George's money, the "taxpayers" money. For that's his game, and his rage: that you and I are getting so terribly screwed on our property tax and God I wish I could deliver him up to you personally so he could fill you full of his English literary carpenter mechanic scholar's rage at the waste. I can't, so let me go on.)

The way George Green has chosen to get the needles into the administration—and the message out to us on our taxes—is through something called the Campus Newsletter. Well, you know the lay-out is terrible and sometimes the syntax goes on forever because George Green didn't read a year of James Joyce for nothing, but the message is still there and it's this:

Having a college quadruple in size in four years is not necessarily good. Teaching on the City College level is generally miserable. The administration doesn't like George Green publishing all the faults and infighting and bickering and petty battles for the world to read, for Christ's sakes. Or... this is the way he describes issue number 15, coming up this month:

"In the next issue, read your own response to the outrageous allegations made in this one. Also in the works a brief essay on the crucial differences between a high school teacher and a college teacher; some choice comments on the way in which sabbatical leaves and leaves of absence are being distributed and refused; reasons for voting against the proposed j.c. (junior

college) construction bonds; the phoney "Innovations" brochure that Roemmich manufactured at a cost of \$160 to the taxpayers, apparently a response to a charge made in a previous Campus Newsletter that the "innovation" proposals were so bad that they had to be kept a secret; a critique of the role and irresponsibilities of dept. chairmen; latest fiascoes in the English Department—and whatever other hot topics emerge, moving from the thick stew that is The Athens of the West. (Take it easy, Ben. It's almost over. Good thing you are a poet—even if you do have a Cadillac.)"

Now Ben is Ben Sweeney, Dean of the "Evening" Division at San Jose City College. And you know that he, and his fellow administrators—not to say the rest of the English Department, and Otto Roemmich, and the Trustees, couldn't be more irritated that their secrets are being exposed to the jape eyes of the world.

But what makes the Campus Newsletter more than the rantings of a college crank, reaching for vitriol through too much frustration and tenure, is that George Green is fighting inside for someone so fully ignored by the college trustees and administrations; that is us—the taxpayer, wondering why our goddamn property taxes are up by 50% in the last goddamn three years.

And he knows what we only suspect: that is the teaching is not improving with more giantism of facilities: but rather that the growth-oriented college people-factory creates a deterioration of ideals, an erosion of the art of teaching.

George Green's favorite pamphleteer is I.F. Stone. And like I.F. Stone—at his best—he is apolitical; chastising those who, at the moment, seem most in need of being chastized. He says: "I used to care for the student. Really I did. We're all students all the time anyway, so I was fighting for myself. But then I found out that the students didn't give a rat's ass. And so I started working for the taxpayer." It sounds corny and it is: an I.F. Stone of the City College set, all pissed off because our tax structure is so stupid.

O yes: there's another thing that makes Campus Newsletter worth reading. It's the poetry that creeps in from time to time. After all, George Green did 'English Literature' at Berkeley and spent hours reading—reading, hell: eating, breathing, sleeping—Chaucer and Marlowe and Shaw and Keats and all those literary peoples. And J.D. Salinger. (George Green named his second son Holden—one of the two boys that he, while being an architect and teacher and building houses, raised by himself). He read all those writers, and they creep into his writing—even when he's writing about the rape of Santa Clara County:

"Even now there's a red fox not ten miles from this spot, and off to the South

or East a thousand miles we can all be pretty certain that an eagle hangs in the sky in the spring sunshine sorting out all the details and shadows for an early lunch in the country drifting below him. The importance of that eagle to housewives, GTO owners and truckdrivers cannot be underestimated, as adapted as they have become to convenience.

"They would never give the eagle a thought on their own, and that is why I think about them especially, wandering around on their wall-to-wall carpets in their artificially heated spaces, entirely dependent on the asphalt surfaces and devoted to buying to make the profit for the convenience of the group. They aren't here today to try to remember the earth or to listen to words that try to remember it. It's been so long since they've seen it that they've forgotten all about it.

"Naturally, the eagle hasn't forgotten about it out there, but he certainly has forgotten about it here—because he can't see it either. There's nothing worth looking at and no lunch at all worth getting, here. Nothing going on in all this rush and convenience. So he moves on, taking the earth a thousand miles away, which is as far as that four inches of asphalt really is..."



JULIA CHEEVER

Ms. magazine— Liberation for some women at the expense of others

Ten years ago Betty Friedan was able to claim in "The Feminine Mystique" that vapid women's magazines created the Happy Housewife myth. But these days even Ladies' Home Journal carries a column on the working woman and Redbook recently featured "Our Commune in Suburbia." Now Ms., "The New Magazine for Women," has stepped into the market as "the voice of the women's movement."

So far, Ms. looks like a resounding success. Newsstands in San Francisco are completely sold out of the \$1.50 preview issue. The writing is brilliant at its best (Ozick's "We Are the Crazy Lady") and only slightly clichéd at its worst, and the editors organized the material with skill.

For instance, the magazine opens, not with a familiar rehash of feminist theory, but with "Men's Cycles—They Have Them Too, You Know," and the editors handled the troublesome issue of lesbian feminists

Continued next page

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WHAT IS IT? An all volunteer organization dedicated to preservation of the urban environment and sanity in urban and regional planning.

WHO SUPPORTS IT? Approximately 30,000 citizens who have donated money and/or time toward these three main projects since 1969: (1) Preventing the spoilation of Alcatraz Island; (2) Stopping the infamous California Water Plan; (3) Preventing the "Manhattanization" of San Francisco through an anti-highrise initiative.

We are now shifting to a membership basis to provide operating funds for continuing projects.

WHAT IS THE OPPOSITION DOING NOW?

Following is a brief outline of the contents of the three initiative petitions which San Francisco Opposition volunteers will circulate between February 23 and March 23, 1972.

- I An Initiative Petition to Limit the Height of Buildings in San Francisco. This petition would limit the height of new buildings to 160 feet in the "C-3," or downtown area, and to 40 feet in the remainder of the City. The ordinance would not disturb existing height limits lower than the above limits. Height limits could not be altered, if the initiative passes, except by another referendum.
- II An Initiative Petition to Amend the City Charter to Create Eleven Supervisorial Districts for the Purpose of Electing Supervisors by District. This petition would establish eleven districts (maps are available at the office) to provide equal representation for equal numbers of people through a district supervisor. At present all supervisors run "at-large."
- III An Initiative Petition to Institute Public Financing of Political Campaigns. This petition would establish a publicly financed fund, not to exceed one-tenth of one percent of the annual city budget, as the sole source of campaign financing for candidates for public office and proponents/opponents of ballot propositions. Private campaign contributions, with the exception of voluntary personal services, would be prohibited. The method of disbursements from the public fund would be determined by the Board of Supervisors after public hearings.

Please call our office if you have any questions about the content, purpose or effect of these initiatives.

Thank you,
ALVIN DUSKIN

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SAN FRANCISCO OPPOSITION ANNUAL DUES — \$10.00

Name _____
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Continued from previous page
by placing a low-key, intellectual interview in the back pages. Ms. promoters sold 49 pages worth of glossy ads, more than a third of the magazine's total space.

(As promised, the ads insult women less than those in most women's magazines, but it's surprising to find in Ms. a woman in an evening dress seducing a leopard with Replique perfume, a funny housewife who drives her husband and son to drink when she burns the breakfast toast, and a Danish blonde "wrapped around a daiquiri" every afternoon and some "chicks from San Francisco digging little tunnels on the beach" at Sta. Lucia.)

Despite its business success, Ms. does not speak for all of the women's movement, nor is it, as it claims, "written for all women, everywhere, in every occupation and profession." It's written for middle and upper middle-class women who are interested in personal liberation within the context of marriage and/or a professional career—women who are rich enough, according to the ads, to shop at Saks and Bergdorf's, dine at fancy New York restaurants, wear mink and vacation in Europe.

The articles discuss the problems of dividing housework with your husband and babysitter, the ingredients of a modern marriage contract and the psychological barriers to success for women. A few articles cover non-middle-class issues, such as welfare, but these are written as introductions for the well-to-do woman. ("Stop for a minute and think what would happen to you and your kids if you suddenly had no husband and no savings.")

Ms. could argue it is trying to raise the consciousness of upper middle-class women on the theory that personal liberation and awareness must precede a commitment to broader social action. This strategy, I think, is valid, and Ms. could be useful. But Ms. offends me because it glosses over differences in class, interests and life styles among women and ends up advocating the liberation of some women at the expense of others.

Gloria Steinem cites as examples of "Sisterhood" women's meetings that united housewives and radical women students in a campus town, and black women domestics and white housewives in the South. I don't doubt that these events occurred, and I respect Steinem for helping the different groups understand each other.

But these understandings are conspicuous exceptions; Steinem doesn't discuss the very real antagonisms between some forces in the black movement and the women's movement, and between Middle America and the counter-culture.

Again, in "Heaven Won't Help the Working Girl," Louise Bernikow claims "Women have begun to unite on the problem of sexism that affects us all. On college campuses, for example, the interests of women on the custodial staff...coalesce with those of female Ph.D.s who have been stuck at the instructor level for years." If that's true, why didn't the female instructors at Berkeley, who have now filed a lawsuit on their own behalf, support the women custodial workers in their proposed strike last year?

The fact is that so far women generally have not crossed class lines to work for the interests of other women. Some women, particularly radical women, have begun attempts: local examples include committees to help women prisoners and Change, a ten-cent "working woman's newspaper." The latest eight-page issue of Change, which carries no ads and is written anonymously, discusses discrimination against a black telephone worker, the frustrations of a legal secretary's job and women's attempts to unionize at Blue Cross. But projects like Change are unusual.

Nor have women crossed class lines on non-feminist issues. This is the reason why Daniel Ellsberg's discussion on "Women and the War" turns into mush two-thirds of the way through. He begins with an interesting analysis of the fact that well-educated, rich, status-oriented white men are more likely to be hawks than women or any other segment of the population. But on his last page he suggests that to stop the war, doves should cease "sleeping with hawks," secretaries should strike the Pentagon, women workers should strike defense companies and militant women should chain themselves to the White House fence. Ellsberg backtracks to admit that "all young people, working people and minorities who are against the war" must act too, but he concludes that "perhaps women and their cultural values will save this country from itself. And for all of us."

On a non-feminist issue, it's neither logical nor effective for women to organize as women instead of by class. Since Ellsberg can't prove otherwise, he has to take refuge in a Victorian platitude.

Collage from ads in Spring '72 Ms.

Guys dig flabby girls.
We've already told him
Ask your boss about the
Guys blindly in love.

WEAR REPLIQUE
everyone does whatever he's into. There's a willowy blonde

DRIVE HIM WILD
A noticeably different
no-name Margaret
Still ladylike.
ad to flaunt in front of your
husband, include
haircolor
an unusual sight.
Men in white coats,

David wants every woman to wear fur.

2nd AVE cor 57th

Ms. becomes anti-women's liberation when it supports the interests of one group at the expense of another. For example, Bernikow claims that the result of protective labor laws has been "to prevent women from competing for better-paying jobs."

That's one result, especially for women seeking middle-echelon jobs. But another result has been to protect women factory workers, who are 85% non-unionized, from substandard wages and working conditions; many women's groups (including the local Women's Alliance to Gain Equality and Women, Inc.) are fighting to save the protective laws.

In "The Housewife's Moment of Truth," Jane O'Reilly describes some of her experiences in sharing housework with her husband. She and her husband have one child. They also have a live-in babysitter, she reveals in the second-to-last paragraph. Thus, O'Reilly's experience probably isn't relevant to the average housewife who has 2.3 children and no live-in help. But more important, her arrange-

ment is objectionable because it assumes that domestic service is an acceptable institution.

With an average fulltime salary of \$1,300, female domestic workers earn less than all other American workers. (The Ms. writers undoubtedly pay their servants more than \$1,300 a year. But do they pay salaries as high as their own or their husbands? And, if not, do they believe they deserve more money simply because they enjoyed the privileges of better education and job opportunities?)

Moreover, domestic service is one of the few kinds of work in America that preserves the boss-servant power relationship without the mitigating dignities of unionization, contract or work with peers. Nicholas von Hoffman explains in Ms. that his Mother the Dentist (who said, "The best electrical appliance is a maid.") always treated her maids with respect.

But the point is that no matter how kind the mistress may be, she is in power and the servant depends on her personal good will. Surely domestic workers should be one of the first concerns of the women's movement.

Liberation for all women involves, besides better education and job opportunities, the elimination of the need for private domestic service—through the socialization of some household functions (such as childcare), the professionalization of others (i.e., professional cleaning services) and the creation of less time-consuming households (through a reduction in unnecessary consumption). Except for a one-page article on childcare, Ms. ignores these issues and, through its articles and advertisements, endorses the institutions of private domestic service and increased consumption.

The real challenge for the women's movement is to face squarely and deal with the different class interests and racial and cultural antagonisms among women, and to work for the liberation of all women. That goal may yet be achieved, but it requires a higher state of consciousness than Ms. has suggested so far.



NEXT ISSUE

Kenneth Rexroth
Alvin Duskin
Jack Morrison

How Public Power Can Save The Muni



IT HURTS! City Hall keeps pulling the taxpayer's leg. First the politicians raise Muni fares. Then they assault the public with a new sewer tax. Then they slash Muni service.

HERE'S THE PROBLEM: While taxpayers are being hit by City Hall they're also being gouged by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Electric bills in SF are higher than in many California cities. Palo Alto and Santa Clara residents pay less for their electric power than consumers pay in the Sunset or on Potrero Hill. Why? Because Palo Alto and Santa Clara operate their own electric power systems. So do many other California cities—including Los Angeles, Anaheim, and Sacramento.

LAW AND ORDER: Back in 1913 Congress promised to help develop SF's public power system. (San Francisco is the only city in the country required by federal law to have public power.)

Our SF tax dollars—more than \$300 million—paid for the city's generators at Hetch Hetchy. But none of the cheap Hetch Hetchy power has ever reached the people of SF! PG&E and city officials have blocked public power for SF, openly flouting Congressional and Supreme Court decisions.

ACTION NOW! Every year the people of SF pay millions of dollars for the Hetch Hetchy project. We produce electric power that we never receive. Our taxes go up and our electric bills hit new heights—and our Muni service gets cut to the bone. But there is a way to break this vicious circle! Demand the development of a municipal power system in SF! Save money while you help save the Muni! Sign your name to the initiative petition requiring SF to operate its own electrical system—or, better still, fill in the attached coupon and help Citizens for Public Power in its neighborhood campaign for public power.

CITIZENS FOR PUBLIC POWER P.O. Box 6617 San Francisco, CA. 94101

- ☐ I enclose \$_____ to help the Public Power Initiative.
☐ I will help collect signatures. ☐ Just keep me posted.

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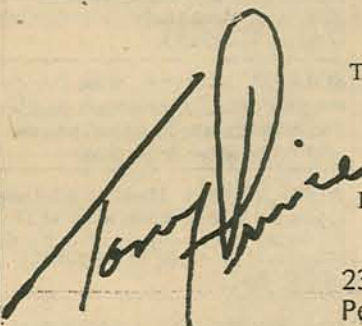
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CLASSIFIED ADS



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JEWELRY, wire sculpture & dolls by Moonstar Crafts. Everything handmade and designed by us. Custom orders possible. Call us at 626-4990 or look for us on Beach St. near Larkin.

PHOTOGRAPHS: Everyone has his own way of looking at things. Come look at mine. Union Sq. Sat-Sun. Jon Manhiem.

ANSEL Adams Yosemite portfolio. 16 original signed prints. Phone (415) 453-5670.

HOBBY House - hand-crafted macrame, jewelry, halter tops, crocheted vest, stained glass wind chimes. Organic cookies, a lot of trips. Call 567-8738.

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RICHARD & Pamela Stearns, enamelists, miniatures, pendants. Union Sq. weekends. 2153 Lombard, SF 922-9745.

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METAL windchime mobile, free form steel bar sculpture and paper weights, hand and foot made. See at Union Sq. on Sats. or call Melinda Montesclaros, 665-4644 btwn. 6 & 9 p.m.

UNUSUAL feather jewelry. Earrings, necklaces, using ivory, bone, amber, handcraft clay. African trade, old American Indian beads. Custom work, call Chuck or Sandi, 567-5553.

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FOR sale: '63 Rambler Classic. Rebuilt engine (40,000 miles); re-lined brakes; new clutch and carburetor; new tires. In really fine shape. Call Sue: 864-0481, 764-5382.

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FOR sale - 1933 Rolls Royce 20/25 Barker Body. Completely restored to new. Offers-461-1851.

ASTON-MARTIN, '66 DB6, 1 owner, 5 speed stick, vantage engine, air. 621-2526 days/343-8732 eves.

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FIAT, '67 wagon, rebuilt engine, new tires, new muffler. \$900. 342-1268.

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ADVERTISING Sales. The Bay Guardian is looking for a salesperson to handle its Berkeley accounts. You must enjoy selling both on the phone and in person and have at least 20 hrs. per week available. This is a challenging job and a lot of fun for the right person. Call Mrs. Jackson at UN 1-9600.

I'M Richard. I write books-publish myself-samplers \$1. Want one? Richard Liebow, Box 99444 San Francisco 94109.

DESIGN your own ad. Send it in. We'll give you a free cost estimate on it. Display Advertising Dept. THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN 2490 Channing Way, Suite 300 Berkeley, California 94704.

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BABYSITTER - Bernal Heights area. Eves. only. 824-9737.

HAULING & Tree surgery in East Bay. Reasonable Rates. Call George 655-0493.

SOLEDAD Survivor with family needs work. Experienced painter and handyman. Peoples' prices. 863-0336 after 6:30 p.m.

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OVERQUALIFIED, competent. Routine office work places me in catatonic state. Any creative work only. Full or part-time. Call 474-6200, Rm. 402, Lesley.

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NO job too small, no job too big. Painting, maintenance work, demolishing & repairing, reasonable rates. Full or part-time. Call 332-0142 or 567-5756.

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YOUNG journeyman wants job managing barber shop. 752-5785.

HOUSE Repair, plumbing, remodeling cabinets, painting, gardening, hauling, stoves and water heaters installed. Peoples' prices or trade. Call 731-7135.

EXCITING job opportunity with underground newspaper-if you can paste-up a 24-page newspaper in three days. Modest pay, good job to supplement free-lance work. Send resume to Guardian Box 108.

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MARRIED man, 28, needs work. Particularly int. in perm. job with small business. **HARD WORKER**. Exc. local refs. Exp. - asst. mgr. hardware store/lumber yd., carpentry, maintenance, sales. College degree. 282-5456 or UN 1-9600.

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TRAIN for worldwide jobs, bilingual-medical-legal. International Placement Service. Call 392-6841.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

GAY Activists Alliance, offers the homosexual the only alternative to "Gay Ghettoism." Attend the GAA Town Hall Forum, 7:30 p.m., every 1st and 3rd Monday, 5th floor, 26 Seventh Street (7th & Market). 239-9001, 864-8205.

HISTORICAL shards indicate San Francisco was populated mostly by homosexuals 1850-1860. Anyone who can help fill this lost page of history with substantiating evidence call Don Jackson 431-6641.

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SIR, Society for Individual Rights. For homosexual information and/or publications, contact SIR, 83-6th St. 781-1570.

GAY Counseling Service provides information and positive, supportive counseling for anyone about homosexuality and offers counseling or referral to sympathetic professionals for gay people. Call, anytime, 626-3934.

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CLASSES in improvisation and mime directed by Cindy Kamler and Hal Taylor, Improvisation, Inc. 397-5534.

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TWO University of California Extension programs in San Francisco: Encounter Theater, April 8 & 9; 2001 and Beyond, with Arthur C. Clarke, April 16. For information, call 861-5452.

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GENUINE African leopard skins, cured, approx. 7x2 1/2 ft. head to tail. Reasonable price, 221-8247.

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It's the highest commission in the Bay Area's glorious newspaper-hawking history: you buy the Bay Guardian for 5¢ and sell it for a quarter. That's a dollar clear for every five copies you sell. On a good day, with Horatio Alger zeal, you can make as much as \$50 or \$60.

The Bay Guardian publishes fortnightly. Papers may be picked up every other Thursday after 1 p.m. and all day Friday at 1070 Bryant St. (near Bryant & Ninth, two blocks from the Hall of Justice).

For more information call the circulation department, UN 1-9600.

VENDORS!

78 R.P.M. RECORDS—3,000 collectors' items—Ruth Etting, Alice Faye, Mae West, Crosby, Jazz, Country, Opera, Radio Broadcasts, many rarities. THE GILDED AGE, 450 Castro, 621-0609.

1 YEAR old stove for sale. Orig. price \$285. Will sell for \$125. A-1 condition. Inquire-311 Texas Street, SF, anytime.

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EAU DE CANNABIS. The intriguing aroma of the marijuana plant. A most exotic fragrance. 1/4 oz. \$3.50 NOT POT (but damn close). A pure herbal legal smoking mix. Lid, \$2.50. From Common Scents, Box 8321, Stanford, Ca. 94305.

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FOR Sale: 3 piece walnut bedroom set: dresser w/mirror, desk w/chair, double bed w/headboard. Excellent condition. \$140/Best offer. Also, Clairol Kindness 500 Hairsetter used twice, \$8.50. Call 525-0507.

FOR sale old barber chair (1950s) \$50.00. AT 2-8445, 9-6.

CHURCH pews. 12 simple, post-quake pews. 10' long, seats 6-7. \$25-50 ea. (negotiable). 397-6061 Intersection, 756 Union St., S.F.

DALI-Set of 5 SF scenes, original signed lithographs. 661-8755.

ROLL top desk, 100 clocks, watches, frames, furniture, Victorian—imported direct from Europe. Open 7 days a week. THE GILDED AGE, 450 Castro (near Market St.) S.F. 621-0609.

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KOPY KAT brand name guitars, conga amps, piano stroke organ and other musical accessories. Day Music 222 W. Portal 585-7148.

HAMMOND M-3. Good condition. \$400.00 285-4190 after 6 p.m.

HARPSICHORD—Single manual chamber instrument. Solid walnut. \$500. Call 845-3222 bet. 7 - 9 p.m.

FLUTE—King, 24 gold. Open holes and low "B" foot. Gerald, 626-9620.

FIDDLE to sell; Frits-Monig, \$36; Call Alston at VA 4-7909.

PERSONALS

CAN you Peabody? Young woman who saw this old dance done as a child wants to learn how to Peabody. Call 863-0336 after 6:30 p.m.

"ALLODIALISM" is Feudalism's contrary. It refers to the feudal lord's alod or estate. Answer to Communism? Thomas Mulsow, 684 Via Aires, San Lorenzo, Calif., 94580.

LOVE Commune in the Woods. Combination permanent Woodstock and Peoples Park. Have \$\$, need brains, bodies & hi energy to realize a better lifestyle. Organizing NOW for Oct. 1973 departure. 861-2264.

HELP us humanize our classroom floor! If you have any rugs you don't want and can spare for free, call Donna, 469-3214. We will pick up.

ECKANKAR info. 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Mon. to Wed. Call 468-0364.

STUDY acting at the Playhouse Theatre with director Henry Stein. "Acting as Self-actualization" starts March 20, "Psychology for the Actor, Director and Playwright" starts March 25. Call 346-5421.

POTRERO Hill mothers and others forming childcare co-op. New energy welcome. 863-1976 or 863-0336.

DO private power companies turn you off? Would you like to work for public ownership of electric power in San Francisco? Support Citizens for Public Power. Volunteers are needed. Call 771-1355.

WANTED - Does anyone have an old gorilla costume they could donate to stop highrises. Contact Joel Noel at S.F. Opposition, 664 Clay St., S.F. 94111, 986-8757.

"VACUUM cleaner needed." Something inexpensive. Call the Guardian-Eloise-861-8033.

DO you have a tortoise you would like to sell or give to a good home? If you do, call collect, 346-1865.

VOLUNTEERS needed: art teachers & helpers, theater people, musicians, coffee house people, kitchen people, office people, publicity people, all people. Learn a new trade. Stop in and see what's happening. 756 Union St., S.F.

WOULD someone like to donate a 6x8 or 9x12 rug to the Guardian—Now. You would be so great. Call 861-8033 Eloise one or two or three or four!!

NEED a car, free or cheap to do our food shopping. Peoples' Restaurant needs the help. Call Fred or Bob 864-9377, 3 p.m. - mid.

AUDITIONING actors for a new kind of horror play. Also for an improvisation show. Afternoons at the Family Pharmacy (2801 California) until we get enough people for the play. 567-5499.

YOUNG girl would like summer work on a farm or ranch. Is interested in animals and is well-acquainted with farm life. Also experienced English rider. 673-1517.

WANTED 2 week loan of domestic or white, longshuttle treadle sewing machine MANUALS. Winkie 536 44th Ave. SF 94121. Copy returned with first original of each.

WANTED - Neck strap case for old Argus C-3 camera. 826-2098.

PETS

LOST—Cat. Adult male. Tiger stripe, black on gray & brown. Answers to "Billy Boy." Ashbury nr. Frederick. Reward. 661-5755.

DACHS - miniature AKC, 589-1188.

PUPPIES, Lab/Shep 10 wks. old \$10.00, 755-4917.

CANARIES - Rollers show stock, white & colors. 647-4659.

PET transportation to/from home/hospital. 24 hr. service. Animals fully insured. 824-2344.

POLITICAL

PEOPLE'S LOBBY, Proposition 9, 1640 Market, 864-0542, Mon.-Sat. 12:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.

STOP Highrises - S.F. Opposition 664 Clay St. 986-8757 open Mon. thru Sat. 9 a.m. - 9 p.m.

McGOVERN for President, 1435 Market (between 10th & 11th) 864-7400 M-F 10 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM for President, Power To The People. 1709 Fillmore, 567-5873, M-F noon to 8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 6 p.m.

McCARTHY for President, 664 Clay, 986-7100. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Mon. - Fri.

NEW headquarters for the Clean Environment Act have opened at 1640 Market St., S.F. (Prop. 9 on June ballot.) Volunteers and funds are urgently needed. For further information, call People's Lobby at 864-0542.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

PHOTOGRAPHY: portraits, weddings, anything in B & W, reasonable, quality work. Call Michael 751-6089, mornings best by 9 a.m.

Caribbean cooking and catering available for parties or clubs

GLORIA TOOLSIE 848-3274

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Antiques restored & refinished, reproductions, gold leaf repair, carving, missing parts made to match, only quality work. Guaranteed 564-4464.

PHOTOGRAPHY—informal portraits or formal weddings. Beautiful color; rapid b/w service a specialty. All work on approval; low cost; small deposit. 563-3282, Jeff.

PHOTOGRAPHY - portraiture, fine art, commercial. Reasonable rates. William E. Reister. 751-7373

PUBLICATIONS

SEX and Broadcasting; how to start your own radio station by Lorenzo W. Milam of KTAO; send \$1 to 5 University Ave., Los Gatos 95030.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES available Automobile (critical references) 2 pages - .20

Electric Auto - 4 pages - .10

Noise - 10 pages - .50

Total Energy (on site power generation) - 4 pages - .40

Public Power - 4 pages - .10

Raker Act - 3 pages - .30

Ombudsman - 10 pages - .15

Police Review Boards - 4 pages - .30

Halfway Houses - 8 pages - .15

160 Acre Water Law - 8 pages - .50

ADD 2 cents tax & mail requests to: Charles L. Smith, 61 San

Mateo Rd., Berkeley, Ca. 94707.

PAST issues of the S.F. Bay Guardian available - call circulation at UN 1-9600.

WOMEN'S History Research Center, Inc. A research, lending, corresponding & selling library of women's literature; books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliographies, articles, clippings, tapes & pictures. For more info. send stamped return envelope & 25¢ donation. Center struggling to distribute all on microfilm. (Tax deductible.) 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Ca. 94708, 524-7772

S.F.'s Movement Bookstore. Books on Women's Liberation, La Raza, Cuba, Black history, Malcolm X, Che, Marx, Lenin. PIONEER BOOKS, 2338 Market St., (nr. Castro) S.F. 94114, 626-9958.

A STUDY of History by Arnold J. Toynbee. Ten volume set. Oxford University Press. Fine reading. Best offer. Tom. 826-8173.

EDUCATION writer. We're looking for an experienced observer of SF school system to do investigative, interpretive, background pieces. Send resume and samples to City Editor, Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

REAL ESTATE

GOV'T. land \$5 an acre. Write: Riley Land Grant, Box 5341, San Bernadino, California.

QUALITY homes, sound investment properties. Colonial Realty, 564-1100.

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MAUI, HAWAII—deluxe furnished 1 bedroom high ceiling garden apt. on ocean, near Kaanapali Golf Course and Napili, lg. pool, private lanai, beautiful view. Sleeps 5. \$135/week for 2. Call nite 325-5522, days 732-7334.

NEED place on quiet street with creative people. Call Michele 665-3481 or 861-9600 days.

I WILL need a room for myself and small friendly cat. Can pay \$50 and utilities per month starting May 1, 1972. Please call Roland 647-8123.

MELLOW 30 yr. old male will share quiet 2 bedroom Westlake home w/responsible person. \$100.00 & 1/2 utilities, ph. 755-2451.

ARTISTIC woman needs flat or apt., pref. in Castro or Noe Valley. Call Teri, 431-1150, MWF 10-6.

EMP. man, quiet, sober but liberal wants apt. w/pvt. ent. nr. gd. trans. Upper Mkt., Marina, Rich., or ? Reasonable, please. Move about 5/1. 864- 8849 pms.

NEW townhouse near Aptos (near Santa Cruz), beach front, deluxe 3 B/R, 2 bath, sleeps 11. (415) 326-9757.

MAUI, luxurious house on sandy beach, surfing, pools, tennis. (415) 967-3617.

SHOPS

AGAPE NATURAL FOODS, 599 Castro, S.F. 10 a.m. - 8 p.m. Daily, 626-3788.

AQUARIUS RECORDS, Buy, sell, trade L.P.'s 19th & Castro, S.F., 863-6467.

THE BOOKMARK, 5270 Diamond Heights Shopping Center, S.F.

DANDELION, 3381 Sacramento St., S.F. 563-8747.

GOLDEN ROAD NATURAL FOODS, 1310 9th Ave., S.F. 664-3866.

NATURALLY HIGH FOODS 1058 Hyde St., S.F. 441-3250.

NEW PHOENIX, 566 Castro St., S.F. A Head Shop.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS BOOK STORE, 2290 Fillmore at Clay. 11-8 Mon. - Sat.

PHOENIX, 1377 Haight St., S.F. World's Oldest Head Shop, 621-9202.

TOBAC SHOP, 1399 Haight St., S.F., 7-10, 7 days 863-5145.

BERKELEY ECOLOGY CENTER, 2179 Allston Way, Berkeley. Join, Join, Buy Books.

MODERN TIMES BOOKSTORE, 3800 17th St., Corner of Church.

CLEMENT BOOKSTORE, 721 Lincoln, 731-2290 Hrs. 1 - 6 Closed Wed.

NEW AGE NATURAL FOODS, 1326 9th Ave., 564-2144.

DISCOVERY BOOKSTORE, 245 Columbus Ave., 986-3872.

THE SMITHY HANDCRAFTS, 2011 Fillmore S.F. 563-4188; 11 - 6, Wanted consignment.

THE LIVING ROOM, modern European furniture. The furniture solution for people with more taste than money. 2543 Clement (at 27th Ave.) San Francisco phone 387-1977. Open: Tues.-Thurs. 1-6, Fri. 1-9, Sat. 11-6.

ROGER COGGBURN WINE COMPANY 1569 Solano Avenue at Peralta, Berkeley, California 94707 (415) 527-2600.

TOBACCO ROAD 2521 B Durant Ave., Berkeley 548-5830.

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The Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103.

Why is this book praised by newspapers in New York, Toronto, Sacramento, Seattle, Honolulu, Atlanta, Washington, even Dubuque—and blacked out in San Francisco?

Nicholas von Hoffman wrote his column reviewing the Guardian's new book, "The Ultimate Highrise," Feb. 2 for the Washington Post. The column was carried by the Washington Post/Los Angeles Times syndicate. It was run in the Seattle Times, the Honolulu Advertiser, the Sacramento Bee, the Miami Herald, the Sarasota Tribune, the Atlanta Journal, the Windsor Star, the Victoria Post, the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald and, as recently as Mar. 19, as the lead editorial page piece in the Sunday Denver Post.

The Chronicle didn't run this column, even though a von Hoffman column appears each Sunday in the Punch section.

Herb Caen didn't run an item. Bill Hogan didn't review it for the books page. Nobody in the daily press has mentioned "The Ultimate Highrise" even though it's been widely reviewed outside SF, commented upon nationally on CBS and purchased by almost every major planning institution in the country.

"The Ultimate Highrise" documents who is ruining San Francisco, how they're doing it and what YOU can do about it.

That's why the book was blacked out by the San Francisco establishment press.

21 THE DENVER POST Sunday, Mar. 19, 1972 • perspective

Cities Search For Solution to 'Urban Crisis'

By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

NO PHRASE is thrown at the public more than "the urban crisis." Everybody with an angle uses it — the politicians; the city planners, the social workers, the foundations, the think tanks. even the aerospace industry uses it to cut in for some government money to solve it.

Yet with so much attention and activity, just what the urban crisis may be seldom get pinned down. Instead, we're shown what the urban crisis has done: the slums, the dirt, the wreckage of people and places.

But how this got to be is almost never explained. Instead, the quack urbanologists, and that includes the human resources con men as well as the city planners and the narcotics experts, the whole slew of 'em would have us concentrate on their newest plan, and now, if we adopt it and appropriate fresh billions, we'll save ourselves even more billions in the long run.

THE LONG RUN is here. We've been buying their plans, programs and pilot projects for decades. The due date has come and gone on all of them, and there's nothing to show for it but new proposals to decentralize or centralize, to coordinate or to better utilize our resources. None of it has saved the cities or seems to have anything to do with whatever it is that has destroyed them.

The most galling thing is that the public has done what the politicians, businessmen and experts said had to be done. We went to the urban doctor and found out he was a fake. Now a group of persons have come along and have documented that he in fact was hastening and feeding the very processes he was supposed to be reversing.

The writer is a columnist for the Washington Post.

The group includes about 30 souls in San Francisco—economists, architects, planners and desperate citizens. They teamed up to see if they could find out what the real sequelae have been to their having followed the best advice—that is, to build up the city's economic base by building up the downtown with huge, flashy office buildings. Everywhere we're told that's how the city will save itself, will generate tax revenues, create jobs.

They checked it out and the result is a surprising book, "The Ultimate Highrise," edited by Bruce Brugmann and Gregg Slettleand (The San Francisco Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco 94103, \$2.95).

IT WAS DIFFICULT, tedious work, requiring weeks of going through government budgets, tax rolls and the rest of the numerical flow that spouts out of the computers of modern administration. What they found was that San Francisco's skyscrapers — and it has more than any other city but New York and Chicago — are destroying the economy.

Far from adding to the tax base, they cost the city \$5 million more a year to service than they bring in. Nor does San Francisco profit indirectly. The suburbanites who work in the new highrises shop where they live rather than in the city, so there's no sales tax revenue.

Moreover, the enormous concentration of people doesn't afford an opportunity for economies of scale. As the book points out, the per capita cost of operating a city of under half a million is \$144 while the cost of doing the same in a city of over



a million is \$444.

A booming downtown does raise property values, however. Not that this is a blessing, because it means the taxes go up and fewer home-owning families can afford to stay. Factories, too — they can't afford to hang around either, and with them go the jobs, especially the low-skilled jobs which keep people off the welfare rolls.

That happened in San Francisco, as "The Ultimate Highrise" demonstrates. In the last decade, the city got more than 60,000 new jobs, but only 1 per cent of them — 600 measly jobs — went to San Franciscans. The blue-collar workers go on welfare or they exchange "jobs with decent income and some hope for the future for low-paying, dead-end service jobs — messenger boys, bellhops, retail clerks, etc."

PRETTY SOON the shiny new buildings begin to destroy their own economic base. The book's authors say that the congestion and the destruction of what was uniquely San Francisco is already eroding the tourist industry, the city's biggest source of revenue. In New York, it's gone farther. The big corporations are beginning to move out. The environmental mess they created is too much for them, plus having driven all the middle class people away.

"The Ultimate Highrise" doesn't provide a solution to the problem, but it can provide people with a blueprint, a way of looking at their towns and what's going on in them; a way of finding out, not what the urban crisis does, but what it is.

HOW TO GET THIS BOOK



Bay Guardian Books
1070 Bryant St.
San Francisco, Ca. 94103

I enclose \$3.45 per copy for the "Ultimate Highrise" (includes postage & handling).

Name _____

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